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5 cents.

FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES OF BOYS

WEEKLY.

WHO MAKE MONEY.

A CORNER IN MONEY

or, Beating the Wall Street Loan Sharks



FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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A CORNER IN MONEY

Or, BEATING THE WALL STREET LOAN SHARKS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Curious Predicament.

"Hey, look out where you're going, you young imp!" roared a tall, angular, bearded man of sixty, with a soft, wide-brimmed hat and an open umbrella, roughly pushing aside an umbrella carried by a well-built, active-looking boy, after it had jammed into his own and discharged a shower of rain-drops over his person.

"Beg your pardon, sir, I didn't see you in the fog," replied the boy, politely.

"Fog be—blessed! You ran into me on purpose," snorted the man.

"No, sir; I always try to avoid butting into people, no matter how rushed I am."

"Bah!" said the man, continuing on his way.

"That was old Abe Singleton, the money-lender," said Bob Hazleton, as he went on. "He's the roughest man in Wall Street, though he's making money hand over fist. I'd hate to be his office boy."

Bob was office boy and messenger for Broker Beard, of No. — Wall Street, and was returning from an errand to the Mills Building. It was a miserable afternoon in the spring. The air was thick with fog and a heavy, drizzling rain. The streets were slushy and walking unpleasant. Bob's boss occupied a suite of rooms on the third floor of a tall office building, and the elevator that took the boy up was full of damp individuals. Take it altogether the day was not one that made people feel happy, so there was some excuse for the money-lender's bad humor. On top of it all the market was on the slump, and speculators long on stocks looked as blue as indigo. Those operating on margin had to hustle for funds to save themselves from being sold out. Those who had only to sign a check for the necessary amount did so with a growl, as though the operation was extremely unpleasant to them. Bob had brought an answer and he handed it to the cashier and took his where he could watch his umbrella in the stand. The reason Bob kept his eye on his umbrella was because it belonged to his sister, and there were several poor ones in the stand.

Bob noticed that people are often absent-minded on a rainy day, and pick out somebody else's umbrella for their own. As a rule they light onto the best one. A few minutes elapsed and the door opened admitting a friend of Bob's named Billy Burton. Billy had a note for Broker Beard.

"I want to see your boss, Bob," said Billy.

"Then you'll have to go over to the Exchange," said Bob.

"Is that where he is?"

"That's where he is supposed to be. Better hand your note to the cashier."

Billy concluded that he would, and did. The cashier read it, sealed it up again and called Bob up.

"Take this over to the Exchange to Mr. Beard."

Bob put on his hat and fished out his umbrella. Billy grinned when Bob told him he had to take the note over to his boss.

"I'm sorry I told you to hand it to the cashier. I didn't want to go out in the fog and rain again right away," he said.

"This kind of weather will make you grow," laughed Billy.

"I'm tall enough for my age, that's where I have it on you. Come along."

They went out together and parted at the corner of Broad street. A state of pandemonium reigned in the Exchange when Bob got there and tried to get his boss. The slump was worse than ever, but it would soon be over for the day, as it was close to three. After considerable trouble Bob delivered the note. Broker Beard read it and told Bob to wait. He wrote a note to a broker in Jersey City and told Bob to deliver it as soon as he could. Bob called up the cashier on the phone and said he was going to Jersey City on an errand, then he started for the Cortlandt street Ferry.

It had stopped raining, but the fog seemed thicker than ever. The vehicles were going up and down Broadway at reduced speed, for there was constant danger of a collision. Even at that it was something of a feat for a pedestrian to cross the street. Bob reached the ferry in time to catch a boat that was just going out. The air on the river was full of whistles from slow-going boats. Not a ferryboat was making anything like schedule time. It was about half-past three when Bob reached Jersey City and started for the broker's office. He was just in time to catch the broker as he was leaving for his home. There was no answer for him to take back, so he didn't intend to return to the office, but go straight home to the modest flat in Harlem, where he lived with his parents. His father was a bookkeeper, while his sister, who was older

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than himself, carried on a small dressmaking business at home.

He was close to the ferry-house when he slipped on the edge of the sidewalk and landed partly in the gutter. He instinctively threw out his hands to save himself, and his right hand slid into the gutter. His fingers closed upon something soft, and he held on to it while getting up. When he looked at the thing it proved to be a pocketbook.

"Gee! I wonder who lost this?" he said.

He examined it when he got on the boat, and found it stuffed with bills. On the flap, in gilt letters, was the name of "M. S. Wood." On counting the money Bob found that it footed up \$1,200. There was no clue to the owner's address. From certain articles in the wallet Bob judged that it belonged to a woman. He judged that it would be advertised for, but whether in a Jersey City or New York paper he couldn't determine. He decided to go to the Cooper Union every afternoon for a week and examine the Jersey City papers on file there. He could go through the New York papers each morning at the stand of the news dealer who delivered the paper at his flat. While the ferryboat was feeling its way across the river, Bob went out front to take a look at the weather. He seemed to be the only passenger who had any curiosity on the subject, for he had the deck to himself. What with the fog and the heavy overcast sky it was much darker than usual for the hour. He was standing beside the rail when suddenly a dark object loomed up in the fog and came at the ferryboat. The pilot saw it, whistled, and rang to stop, and then to back. The object proved to be the bowsprit of a large schooner, and it was right over Bob before he could move. Then the schooner's bows hit the ferryboat a heavy crack, and Bob was thrown violently against the rail. He threw up his hands and caught hold of the steel rope that ran out from the cutwater to the center of the bowsprit. Before he could let go, the schooner's head wore away from the ferryboat, and he was dragged over the rail, and in a moment was hanging suspended above the water. It was a perilous position for him to find himself in, but he did not lose his presence of mind.

As it was impossible for him to regain the ferryboat, he swung himself up on the bowsprit and worked his way in. Right before him loomed up the misty figure of a man, standing on the heel of the bowsprit and looking into the fog. This person was the lookout, but he had not discerned the ferryboat in time to avoid the collision. He saw Bob crawling toward him along the bowsprit, like some kind of an animal, and was greatly astonished. He bent forward and stared harder. Bob rose up the moment he touched the deck.

"Hello, who are you, and how came you to be out on the bowsprit?" said the lookout, catching the boy by the arm.

"I was on the ferryboat you ran into. In some way I got hold of a stiff rope attached to the bowsprit, as it hung close over my head, and before I could let go I was dragged over the rail. Of course I couldn't let go then, for I would have dropped into the water, so I clambered onto the bowsprit, and here I am," said Bob.

"That's the greatest thing I ever heard of," said the man. "What's your name? Do you live in New York?"

"My name is Bob Hazleton. I live in Harlem, and work in Wall Street."

"Well, go aft and report the facts to the old man. We're bound down the Jersey coast, but the skipper, I dare say, will put you ashore on Staten Island."

Bob started aft through the fog and increasing gloom. He passed the foremast and its broad sail, which was close hauled. The canvas was barely drawing, the wind was so light. Then he came to the mizzenmast and its sail. A few paces further aft he nearly tripped over a glowing object and found it was the cabin skylight. Passing the skylight, he presently came to a raised hood which covered the cabin stairs. Right before him was the helmsman and the wheel, with the binnacle in front.

He walked up to the misty figure of the man who was holding the spokes and said:

"Where's the captain of this vessel?"

The steersman stared at him, for he did not recognize him as being connected with the schooner.

"Who are you?" he asked, in some astonishment.

"I'm a Wall Street messenger boy," replied Bob.

"A Wall Street messenger boy!" repeated the helmsmen. "What are you doing aboard here?"

Bob handed him the same explanation he had given the lookout.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" cried the man, clearly amazed. "The skipper is below in the cabin. Go down and tell him your story."

Bob descended a short flight of brass-bound steps and found himself in the small cabin. The captain was seated at the table looking over some papers relating to the schooner's cargo. He looked up when Bob appeared, and he, too, stared when his gaze lighted on a young stranger who had not been aboard when the craft left her wharf. His natural impression was that the boy had stowed himself away forward in the small galley below deck, taking advantage of the mist, and now that the vessel was under way, showed himself.

"How came you aboard, young man?" he said, sharply.

Bob explained. The boy's story sounded fishy to the skipper, but still he could not say it was not true.

"I can prove I came aboard that way by one of your men who is standing close to the bowsprit," said Bob.

"It is a mighty strange thing for you to be pulled off the ferryboat in the way you said; but since you are aboard I'm afraid you'll have to stay."

"I want you to put me on shore as soon as you can."

"I couldn't do it in this fog."

"Why not? You pass Staten Island. There are several places there where you can land me."

"I would lose too much time maneuvering to fetch the end of a wharf in this fog. If the weather was clear I'd send you ashore in a boat."

"As your vessel, by bumping into the ferryboat, is responsible for my predicament, I think

you are duty bound to take the trouble of landing me."

"I don't see it in that light. If you hadn't taken a grip on a part of my vessel you would still be on the ferryboat where you belong. At any rate, I'm not going to put in anywhere in this fog. You'll have to stay aboard till the weather clears."

"But the fog may last all night," protested Bob.

"I can't help that," said the captain.

"If you carry me part way down the coast I won't be able to get to my office on time in the morning."

"That's your funeral, not mine."

"I guess you could land me somewhere on Staten Island if you wanted to take the trouble."

"Probably I could, but I'm not going to take the trouble. You can go on deck or sit around the cabin. I'll have to put up with you, for I can't throw you overboard."

The skipper turned to his papers, while Bob, not feeling particularly happy over the situation, which included the loss of his sister's umbrella, which he would have to replace, walked back up stairs.

CHAPTER II.—What Bob Learned on the Yacht

"What did the old man have to say?" said the helmsman.

"He says he won't put me ashore on account of the fog," replied Bob.

"I guess it would give us a lot of trouble."

"It puts me in a bad hole. My people won't know what has become of me, and they will probably be worried about me."

"That can't be helped. The old man owns this schooner, and he's boss of the ranch."

At that moment the lookout man shouted "Hard aport."

Through the muck ahead loomed an object that looked like a phantom steam yacht. Her propeller was working slowly, for she was feeling her way toward the mouth of the North River. The two vessels, bound in opposite directions, were almost shaving each other's sides, so close were they at that moment. On the spur of the moment Bob took a running leap and landed on the yacht's deck. The deck was slippery with moisture, and the boy slipped up and slid against the port side of the little steamer. His head hit an iron cleat, and for some minutes he lay dazed and in a heap. No one aboard of the yacht had seen him come aboard from the schooner. The only person who saw him take the leap was the schooner's helmsman, and by the time he recovered from his surprise the two craft had separated.

In the course of a few minutes Bob sat up and rubbed his head.

"I am having a chapter of accidents this afternoon," he said to himself. "As this vessel is bound for some wharf on the city water front, I stand a show now of getting home within a reasonable time. Nobody appears to have noticed my coming. I suppose I ought to hunt up the captain and explain why I took the liberty of coming aboard."

He got up and tried to peer through the fog.

He could hear the slow thump of the engine down below. If there was anybody on deck he couldn't see them. He started aft, feeling his way along. In a few moments he came to the raised cabin. Built on top of the front end was a small pilot-house in which was the wheel. Running from side to side in front of this house was a narrow bridge. There was a passage between the cabin windows and either rail of the boat. As Bob had landed against the port side, he followed the port passage aft. Most of the windows were lighted up.

The curtains were drawn so he couldn't see the interior. Two windows were lowered an inch from the top, and two others raised an inch from the bottom. Bob inserted his fingers into one of the latter and pulled the shade aside far enough to give him a view of the elegant little cabin. Four well-dressed gentlemen were seated in pivot chairs about a table. A box of choice cigars and a cut-glass decanter of whisky stood on the table. At each man's elbow stood a glass, and in each man's mouth was a cigar. Their conversation easily reached his ears. What they were talking about interested him greatly. They were Wall Street operators and members of a syndicate which had been formed to corner and then boost the price of G. & N. stock. They were talking over their plans, and Bob listened eagerly. In the course of fifteen minutes he learned enough to convince him that he had captured a gilt-edge tip. He thought of the \$1,200 in the wallet he had found in Jersey City, and wished the money were his.

"I'd slap every nickel of it up on G. & N., and I'll bet I'd double the money."

The idea appealed to him so much that he began figuring on using the money anyway.

"It will give me the chance to get a stake, and if I find out the owner of the wallet I can return the money later. At any rate, there is no certainty that I'll discover the owner, and if I wait till I find out one way or the other, I'll lose what I could make out of this tip. Now that I know how those gentlemen are going to work the deal, it will be a regular cinch, and cinches like that only come once in a fellow's life."

The temptation to use the money was almost irresistible under the circumstances. While he was listening to the talk the yacht stopped several times, probably to avoid other craft in the bay, or in the river if she had entered it. There was a clock affixed to the forward wall of the cabin, and the hands pointed to the hours of six. Bob could see it from the place where he stood. The conversation in the cabin turned upon copper, and the gentlemen seemed to be of the opinion that there would be a rise in that before the month was up. One said he understood that Hurricane Island Copper, which was selling at \$5 a share, would be used by the copper syndicate to start the ball rolling. They said a good deal about copper, and Bob took it all in, hoping to be able to make some use of it later on after the G. & N. went through. One of the gentlemen, who appeared to be the owner of the yacht, left the table and went up to the pilot-house to find out where they were and when the sailing-master expected to get the yacht to her anchorage up near Seventy-second street in the North River. The fog was as thick as ever, and of a con-

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sistency that sailors call pea soup. The ferry-boats were having a hard time of it. The New Jersey railroad commuters had started to get over from five o'clock on, and all of them missed their regular trains, and the trains they did take ran behind their schedule time.

That made them late in getting to their homes, which was one of the disadvantages of living out on that side of the river and having business in New York. It was now pitch dark. The lights on the Manhattan side could only be dimly made out from the pilot-house of the yacht, while nothing could be seen but dark pall looking Jerseyward. The ferryboats could be seen owing to their blazing lights, but, of course, the light did not look bright, but just blurred streaks sliding down along the water. The fog of this night, however, was unusually dense. Unless a wind came on it was bound to hold all night, and would still be in evidence to some extent next morning. Bob heard footsteps approaching along the passage, so he concluded that he had better make a change of base. He slipped around to the stern and leaned over the rail. Whoever was coming was bound for the cabin. The door was opened and a flood of light shone on the boy's back. It produced a peculiar effect. The light carried out into the fog and reflected Bob's image upon it. It made his shadow assume gigantic size. Bob started back because he felt at the moment as if he were falling out into the mist. The man heard him and looked around. He did not recognize the boy as one of the crew, and he stepped up to him.

"Hello, where did you come from?" he said.

That was the fourth time the same question had been launched at him since he was whisked off the ferryboat, and it was getting rather monotonous.

"I came from a schooner you nearly ran into out on the bay somewhere," answered Bob.

"The dickens you did!" said the man, who was the mate of the yacht. "How did that happen?"

Bob told his story from the beginning of his strange experiences. The mate was clearly astonished.

"I'll have to introduce you to the owner and let him hear what you say you have been through. Your case is something decidedly unusual, and would make good stuff for a reporter. Come into the cabin."

He took Bob by the arm and led him into the cabin.

"Where is Mr. Clark?" asked the mate of the gentlemen at the table.

"He went to the pilot-house a few minutes ago," replied one of them.

Five minutes later the owner returned. The mate spoke to him about some matter connected with the yacht, and then called his attention to Bob, whom he said had come aboard down the bay in an extraordinary manner.

"How could he come aboard down the bay in this fog?" asked Clark.

"He will explain," said the mate, who then took his departure.

"Well, young man, let's have your story," said the owner.

Bob began by saying that he was office boy to Broker Beard, and that he had been sent to Jersey City with a message to a mining broker

there, and that he was returning on the ferry-boat when his peculiar adventures began. Then he went on and told how he was dragged from the ferryboat by the schooner and narrowly escaped with his life. How the captain had refused to put him ashore, which was not at all to his liking, for he saw little prospect of getting back to the city until the following forenoon. Then he told how close the yacht and the schooner came together in the fog, and how he made up his mind instantly to leap aboard the yacht as she was bound in the direction he wanted to go.

"I landed in a heap on deck and got a whack on my head that made me see stars for some minutes," he concluded; "but I'm all right now, and I guess when you reach your anchorage I'll be able to get home some time this evening."

"You have had quite a thrilling experience, young man," said the owner. "Where do you live?"

"In Harlem, on the West Side."

"We'll anchor off West Seventy-second street before long, and that will be convenient for you. All you'll have to do will be to walk up Seventy-second street to the elevated station. You should get home before eight."

"I hope you'll excuse the liberty I took in boarding your yacht in the way I did, sir," said Bob.

"Don't mention it, young man. You took quite a risk, and you are welcome to the advantage it has been to you. I know your employer, Mr. Beard, and will probably see him to-morrow. Will you have a glass of wine? I presume you do not indulge in whisky?"

"I don't drink anything stronger than water."

"How would you like a soda?"

"I don't want to trouble you, sir."

"It's no trouble," said the owner, ringing for his steward.

A bottle of soda and a glass were brought. All present drank Bob's health, and voted him a lucky boy. In due time the yacht reached her moorings, the gentlemen took Bob ashore with them, and they walked up to Mr. Clark's house together. There Bob parted from them and started for his home. It was nearly eight when he entered the house, and the evening meal was over and cleared away. Bob's supper, however, was waiting for him in the oven of the gas range, and while eating it he told about his adventures that afternoon in the fog. His mother and sister expressed their concern over the risks he had encountered.

"I lost your umbrella, sis, but I'll buy you a new one," he said.

His sister was willing to overlook the loss of her umbrella after the experience he had been through, but Bob insisted that he would replace it. Then he showed the wallet and the money he found in Jersey City, and said he expected to find the owner through the lost and found notices.

"But if you don't, the money will be yours," said his sister.

"Yes, but the party who lost this wallet is bound to advertise for it."

"It would be a great windfall for you if they didn't."

Bob admitted that it would, and there the matter rested.

CHAPTER III.—Bob Finds the Owner of the Wallet.

Bob looked the New York papers over next morning, but saw no notice relating to the pocket-book. He reached his office at the usual time, and his head was full of G. & N. The slump stopped about eleven o'clock, and prices began to recover a little. The fog had disappeared, and it was a sunny day. Everybody appeared to be in a better humor. Bob told his story of his adventure to Mr. Beard before that gentleman went to the Exchange, but he said nothing about the wallet containing the \$1,200. His employer seemed to think that he had had a fortunate escape. The day passed as usual with him, and he left Wall Street around four o'clock. He went up to the Cooper Union reading-room and looked over the two leading daily papers of Jersey City to see if there was an advertisement about the lost wallet. He didn't see any. Next day he examined all the papers carefully once more, but there was no advertisement referring to the wallet.

"I guess I may venture to use that money to put a deal through in G. & N." he told himself.

At supper that evening his sister asked him if he had found the owner of the wallet, and Bob replied that he had not. On the following morning he bought 120 shares of G. & N. on margin at the little banking and brokerage house on Nassau street. The stock was ruling at 85, which was below its normal value. The late slump was responsible for that. Nearly all stocks being somewhat lower than ordinary, it was a good time for the speculators to buy, and a great many of them did. G. & N., however, went lower next day by five points. That frightened a lot of small speculators into selling. As Bob wasn't expecting it to drop lower, he got something of a shock when he saw that it closed at 8 and a fraction.

Next day was Saturday, and the stock fell two points more, closing at noon at 78 5-8. Bob began to have visions of the loss of his \$1,200. He kicked himself for buying so soon. At any rate he went home feeling solemn and did not enjoy his half-holiday to any extent. Monday G. & N. opened at 78 7-8 and went up to 81. During the afternoon it dropped back to 78. It hung around that figure until Thursday, when it dropped to 76. One point more and Bob knew that he would be wiped out.

"My tip it all right. The stock is going to boom, but I should not have bought in such a rush. The syndicate has worked the slump to shake the stock out so the brokers in its employ could buy it in as cheap as possible. What a chump I was, with all my Wall Street experience, not to foresee that something like that was likely to happen."

When Bob came downtown on Friday morning he was feeling mighty blue. He fully expected to see his financial finish that day. Then if he found out the owner of the wallet, what could he say to her? G. & N. opened at 76 1-8, then ad-

vanced to 76 1-2. At eleven o'clock it dropped to 76. About that time the cashier called Bob up and handed him a note.

"Take this uptown, Bob, and get back as soon as you can," he said.

Bob looked at the name and address. It read: "Mr. M. S. Wood, No. — Madison avenue."

The boy nearly had a fit when he read the name. It was the same that was stamped on the wallet he had found. Could it be this was the lady who had lost the pocketbook he had found? If so, what was he going to do about it? She might be one of his boss' customers. If he asked her if she had lost the wallet, and she replied that she had, he would have to confess the use he had made of her money, and admit that it was as good as sacrificed. Of course she would get mad and in all probability call Mr. Beard's attention to the facts.

Then the broker would have something to say to him. Not only would he get a calling down for using money that did not belong to him, but he would get a wigging for speculating in stocks. It was an unwritten, iron-clad rule in Wall Street that employees must not speculate. If they broke it they stood a good chance of being discharged.

"Who is this Mrs. Wood?" Bob asked the cashier.

* "She's a good customer of ours. Now run along," replied the man.

Bob took a Third avenue train uptown, feeling worse than he ever had before in his life. He was a boy of fine principles, and he felt that, be the consequences what they might, it was his duty to find out if this Mrs. Wood was the person to whom the wallet belonged, and if she claimed it to tell her the truth at all hazard. He rang the bell at one of the old-time five-story brown stone houses on Madison avenue. Only wealthy people lived in those houses. The loss of \$1,200 would hardly affect those kind of people much, but nevertheless, they were not in the habit of throwing that, or any other sum, away. It was quite possible that some of them valued a dollar more than people not a tenth as well off. If Mrs. Wood was one of those kind, and the wallet belonged to her, she was pretty certain to put up a howl and denounce the boy.

Five minutes passed before the door was opened by a man servant. He was a solemn looking, stiff-backed individual who seemed to regard himself as a person of considerable importance. His name was Hopkins, and he was an Englishman. He had been a servant all his life in the best families, and he entertained a proper appreciation of his abilities in his line.

"Well, young man, what is it?" he said, with a haughty air.

"I wish to see Mrs. Wood. She is home, I suppose?"

Hopkins knew that his mistress was at home, but he never admitted the fact to strangers until he had ascertained first if the lady would see the caller.

"I cawn't say whether she's at 'ome or not. What is your business?"

"I have brought a note to her from the Wall Street office where I work."

Bob's reply made all the difference in the world with Hopkins. He knew that his mistress had

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business dealings in Wall Street, and, of course, a messenger from a broker seemed all right.

"Step in, young man, 'and me your note. I will take it up to 'er," said the servant.

Hopkins picked up a salver from the hatrack and held it out to the boy. Bob placed the note on it.

"Take a seat, and if there's a answer h'll bring it to you."

Bob sat down, and Hopkins walked slowly and solemnly up the front stairs. In a few minutes he returned with word that there was no "hawns'er."

"Will you kindly return to Mrs. Wood and ask her if she lost a wallet in Jersey City last week?" said Bob.

"H'I believe she did lose a pocketbook with some money in it lawst week, but I cawn't say whether it was in Jersey City or elsewhere. I will take your message to 'er and see what she 'as to say habout it."

Once more Hopkins made a trip upstairs, and when he came back he told Bob to follow him. The boy accompanied the servant to the sitting-room upstairs. It occupied the entire front of the house, with a draped alcove at one side. The decoration of the room and the furniture was rather old-fashioned. A tall, thin and rather plain looking woman sat in a chair by one of the windows.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. M. S. Wood?" asked Bob.

"You have, young man. Sit down and tell me about that wallet. The one I lost was of a dark brown color, and contained \$1,200 in large bills. My name and initials were on the flap outside," said the lady.

"I guess the wallet I found in Jersey City, near the ferry-house, is yours, for you have described it accurately," said Bob.

"So you found it. You are Mr. Beard's office boy, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am. My name is Robert Hazleton, and I live with my parents in Harlem."

"Did you bring the wallet with you?"

"Yes, ma'am. Here it is; but you won't find the money in it."

"I suppose you took that out and placed it in your office safe?"

"No, ma'am," replied Bob. "I took the liberty of using it. I'll explain why I did so, and after you hear my story you can report the matter to Mr. Beard if you want to."

"I'll listen to you, though I can't imagine why you needed so large a sum of \$1,200. However, if you have put it to good use I shall not find fault with you. I did not expect ever to hear from the money again. You are an honest boy to tell me that you found the wallet with the money in it. Many people would regard such a find as a windfall and never try to find the owner, or say a word about it."

Bob told his story, which included his ticklish experiences that afternoon in the fog. He told about the conversation of the four gentlemen in the cabin of the yacht, which he explained as a gilt-edged tip on G. & N. Then he confessed that he had used the \$1,200 to buy 120 shares of the stock on margin, confident that he would more than double the money.

"But I made the mistake, ma'am, of buying

too quick, though the price was low and I didn't think it would go any lower. I overlooked the possibility of the syndicate forcing it still lower in order to buy it in as cheap as possible. That is just what the combine did. Their brokers have forced it down nine points already, and if it goes half a point lower I stand to lose your \$1,200. I bought the stock at 85, and when I left Wall Street to bring you the message from the cashier, it was down to 76. That was an hour ago, and I may be wiped out by this time. If I lose your money I can't replace it. That is the worst of it. I can't ask you to forgive me, for I'm not entitled to your pardon. I was foolish to put all my eggs in one basket, but I felt sure of making a stake. I guess I've been as foolish as any lamb that ever came to Wall Street."

Mrs. Wood listened to him without a single interruption. When he had finished she made no remark, but getting up went to her desk and, taking the telephone in her hand, put the receiver to her ear. She called up Beard's office, and Bob felt that he was in for it.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob Makes Money Out of the Market.

"This is Mrs. Wood, of Madison avenue," she said on getting the connection. "I have just received your message. There is no answer. I called you up to ask the present market price of G. & N."

Half a minute elapsed, and she was told that it was quoted at 76 3-8.

"Has it been lower than 76 this morning?"

After another delay she was told that it had not.

"Thank you, that is all," she said, hanging up the 'phone.

She sat down, pulled her check book out of a pigeon-hole, and wrote out a check for \$1,200, payable to the order of Robert Hazleton.

"Young man, come here," she said.

Bob walked over.

"You have acted rather foolishly in putting up all that money on what looked like a sure thing. You ought to know that there is nothing sure in Wall Street. How long have you been working for Mr. Beard?"

"Three years."

"You ought to be pretty well up in the ways of the Street. However, we will not talk about that. The \$1,200 is at stake, and I am going to help you save it. Here is my check for \$1,200, made out to your order. Take it to the broker who bought your stock and hand it to him as additional security on the deal. I guess the price will not go down ten points more. It is now ruling at 76 3-8, which gives you a point leeway yet. This check will save you if the price should fall to 75. I think from the conversation you overheard on the yacht that the stock will boom in a week or so. In fact, I think so well of your tip that I am going to buy 1,000 shares of G. & N. on the usual margin. I will send my order to your office by you."

She turned to her desk and began a short note to Mr. Beard, authorizing him to purchase 1,000

G. & N. for her account at the market. Then she wrote out a check to the broker's order for \$10,000 which she enclosed with the order. Bob was so taken by surprise that he didn't know what to say. Instead of getting a raking over from the lady, and having the matter reported to his employer, the lady had given him a check for enough money to cover a call on him for additional margin. Finally he found his tongue and expressed his sentiments to Mrs. Wood.

"I don't know how to thank you enough, Mrs. Wood," he said in a grateful tone. "I expected you would treat me altogether differently. In fact, I looked for you to report me to Mr. Beard. I might not have lost my position in that case, but I certainly would have received a big calling down from my employer. As the case stands now, I think I will be able to save your \$1,200 and make a stake into the bargain. I assure you that I am very much indebted to you for your generous aid."

"You are welcome, young man."

"I will send you the \$2,400 when I close out the deal."

"Very well. I am not worrying about the money."

That closed the interview, and Hopkins was summoned to show Bob out. The Wall Street boy returned downtown in different spirits than he went up. He declared that Mrs. Wood was a brick, and that he might look around a long time before he met her duplicate. She was evidently a wealthy woman who put on no style. Bob guessed that she did not go into society much, which was a fact. Had he seen her private library he probably would have understood how she put in a large part of her time. She was a collector of valuable old books and first editions of dead and gone writers, such as Dickens, Thackeray and others. She possessed a very complete collection of works illustrated by the famous Cruikshank, most of which she had obtained through English dealers. Altogether she was somewhat different from other women of her financial standing, and Bob was destined to learn much about her, and find in her a friend and backer when he needed both. He got off the train at Fulton street and hurried up to the little bank on Nassau street. After looking at the G. & N. quotations on the blackboard and finding that he was still safe, he called on the cashier and put up the check, after endorsing it. Then he went back to the office and reported his return to the cashier. Now that he was protected to the extent of twenty per cent. altogether on his deal, Bob felt that he was safe enough. And so it proved.

G. & N. went to 75 1-2 next day, but that was the lowest drop. Next day it recovered to 77, and then gradually rose to 90, in the course of ten days. The boom set in then and the stock went to 105 and a fraction in two days. At that figure Bob sold out and cleared \$2,400. Mrs. Wood made \$26,000 on her 1,000 shares. When Bob called on her to pay her the \$2,400, telling her that he had made that amount himself out of the deal, she handed him the money back.

"Since I availed myself of your tip, and cleared a good sum in consequence, I think it only fair to make you a suitable present in return. So keep the \$2,400 as evidence of my appreciation

of your honesty with respect to my wallet, and also as payment for the tip," she said.

Bob protested that she was too liberal, and that he did not think he ought to accept so much from her, but she insisted on having her way in the matter, and so Bob went away worth nearly \$5,000. May Hazleton kept at her brother about the wallet he had found until he told her that he had found the owner, a wealthy lady on Madison avenue, and returned it to her.

"I suppose she rewarded you handsomely?" said May.

"I have no fault to find with her generosity."

"How much did she give you?"

"She gave me as much as I just made on a stock deal."

"How much was that?"

"I'm not saying."

"Why not? I want to know."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Certainly I can."

"So can I," grinned Bob, walking away.

"Aren't you the mean thing?" his sister called after him.

Bob laughed, and two days later he handed his sister \$25 to buy a new gown with a hat to match. As she had only to buy the goods and make it herself, she managed to get a new pair of shoes and several other things out of the money. Bob also presented his mother with \$75 to do as she pleased with. Both mother and daughter took it for granted that the money they received was a part of the present Bob had received for returning the wallet with the money intact, and they were both curious to learn just how much he got. For particular reasons of his own, Bob declined to enlighten them. Now that he had accumulated a stake, he hoped to make more money out of the market, and his purpose was to give his folks a big surprise some day. It was about this time that Bob met Abe Singleton, the money-lender, on the street again. Their first encounter had not been a pleasant one, and as it happened their second meeting was not attended by happier results. Bob was returning from an errand and had purchased a banana from a dago fruitman and was eating it. He liked bananas, and frequently indulged in them. It was against the Penal Code to drop banana skins on the sidewalk, and Bob was always careful not to scatter any of the skins about. All the boys employed in Wall Street were not so careful. One of them passing ahead of Bob, dropped a big slice of peel. Bob didn't notice it or he would have kicked it into the gutter. He missed stepping on it by half an inch. Mr. Singleton, who was close behind him, was not so fortunate. He stepped on the peel and his legs slid forward like a shot, while his body and head came in contact with the hard walk. His legs got tangled up with Bob's, and that lad was tripped up before he knew what was coming. Bob went backward, and his head struck Singleton a blow in the stomach. The mishap naturally attracted attention, and the passers-by thought the sight quite amusing. Neither the money-lender nor Bob saw anything funny about it. Singleton saw that he had slipped on, and observing that Bob was eating a banana, he accused him of throwing the skin on the sidewalk.

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"I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't throw that skin on the walk," replied Bob.

"I say you did," roared Singleton. "You've got a banana in your hand now."

A crowd began to collect around them, and a policeman came up.

"I want you to arrest that boy for dropping a banana peel on the sidewalk," said Singleton. "I had a bad fall from it, and I ain't sure but my back is hurt."

Bob showed the entire skin of his banana in his hand, and denied all knowledge of the solitary piece of skin which had tripped up the money-lender.

The officer was satisfied that Bob wasn't guilty, and let him go on his way, much to the dissatisfaction of Singleton. Bob, remembering what the gentlemen on the yacht said about copper, was watching Hurricane Island stock. It had been ruling around \$5 for some months, and though he made a number of inquiries about it, he could find out nothing. While he was devoting his attention largely to copper, he was keeping his eyes on the regular stock market. He noticed that L. & M. was going up. How high it was likely to go he hadn't the remotest idea. He finally ventured to buy 100 shares at 90. In a week the stock was up to 94. Bob was afraid to hold it any longer, and sold out, clearing \$400. The financial papers were beginning to call attention to copper. One of them advised the speculative public to buy Hurricane Island right away and hold it for the rise that was in prospect. As events proved, the advice was good. Bob bought 1,000 shares outright at a cost of a little over \$5,000. It was another fortunate speculation for him. Soon afterward copper began advancing all along the line. Two weeks later Hurricane Island was up to \$17. Bob had no reason to believe it wouldn't go much higher, but determining to be on the safe side, he sold out his stock and made \$12,000. That was by far the most money he had made so far out of his speculations, and he felt good over it, for he was now worth \$17,000.

CHAPTER V.—Bob's Errand Down in New Jersey.

When he collected his money from the Hurricane Island Copper deal, Bob decided that he had cash enough to surprise his folks. That afternoon he carried \$200 home.

"How's the dressmaking business getting on, May?" he asked his sister.

"I'm doing very well at present," she answered.

"How is your cash account?"

"Not very fat. A number of my customers owe me money, but they are good for it, I guess."

"Well, don't say I never gave you anything," and Bob tossed five \$10 bills into her lap.

"Is this money really for me?"

"Sure it is."

"Dear me, you must have made some extra money down town to afford to be so liberal."

"I have. I've been doing some speculating and have come out ahead."

"I congratulate you on your success. How much have you made?"

"Well, I've made about \$15,000 out of three deals, and I received a present of \$2,400 from the lady whose wallet I found."

"Come now, Bob, don't exaggerate. How much did you really make?"

"I've told you—\$15,000, plus the \$2,400."

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"I do, if you have any regard for my word."

"But you couldn't possibly make so much as that."

"Why couldn't I?"

"Because the sum you mentioned is a small fortune."

"I've made it just the same."

"Bob Hazleton, don't you know it's wicked to tell fibs?"

"I'm not telling any."

"It's a fib to say that you have made over \$15,000 speculating."

"Not when it's the truth."

"Since you persist in saying you have made so much money I think you had better explain how you did it."

"You remember the day of the fog, when I lost your umbrella, and had a sort of double adventure on the bay after finding Mrs. Wood's wallet, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got hold of a gilt-edge tip on a certain stock and I took the liberty of using the \$1,200 to invest in the stock on margin."

"You did? Why, you never said anything about it at the time."

"I know I didn't. What difference does that make? I nearly lost the money in the shuffle. In fact I was on the ragged edge when I discovered that Mrs. Wood owned the lost wallet. I was sent to her house with a letter, and while there I returned her wallet without the money, telling her what I had done with the cash. Naturally I expected she would be mad, and send word to Mr. Beard about it. Instead of that she loaned me an additional \$1,200 to save myself. The deal then went through all right and I made \$2,400. I then called on the lady and returned her the \$1,200 she loaned me. She gave it back to me as a present because she had used my tip and had made \$25,000 out of it. A few days afterward I made \$400 on another deal. That made me worth about \$5,000. With that money I bought 1,000 shares of a copper stock. The stock went up twelve points in two weeks and I cleared \$12,000. That's how I happen to be worth \$17,000. I hope the explanation satisfies you."

The explanation took his sister's breath away.

"Is this true?" she asked.

"As true as I am your brother."

"My gracious, what a fortunate boy you are! Have you told mother?"

"No, but I'm going to right away."

Bob went into the kitchen, where his mother was beginning preparations for supper, handed her \$150 and told her how much he was worth and how he made the money. Naturally, she was astonished and could hardly believe it to be true. At the supper table he handed the news to his father. Mr. Hazleton wouldn't believe it at first.

"I have the money in a safe deposit box down town, and if you want to see it, come down town

and call at my office. I'll take you around to the vault."

Then Bob remembered that he had his last statement from the little bank, which showed the amount of \$17,000 was coming to him at the time it was made out, and he handed it to his father to look over. That proved his story to be true and so his father believed it.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" asked Mr. Hazelton.

"Use it to make more."

"And run the risk of losing it."

"That will be nobody's funeral but my own."

"You had better invest it in stable securities that will pay you interest and let speculating alone."

"Your advice is good and I will consider it."

"You are worth more money now than I ever had at one time in my life," said his father.

"I suppose I'm luckier than you. At any rate that fog proved a fortunate thing for me. It put nearly \$5,000 in my pocket, and the money enabled me to make the balance."

Bob now found himself a personage of considerable importance in the family. His mother and sister considered him as a particularly smart boy, and his financial standing made them look upon him with great respect. Bob was careful to say nothing at the office about his success in stocks. He did not want Mr. Beard to learn that he had been speculating.

"Bob," said the broker, about noon on the following Saturday, "I've got something for you to do this afternoon."

"All right, sir," replied the boy.

"Here's a package of bonds I want you to deliver to the gentleman whose name and address are on it."

Bob looked at the writing, which ran as follows: "David Foster, Esq., Magnolia Villa, Brookville, N. J."

"Here is \$5 to cover your expenses," said Mr. Beard. "You had better start now. The one-fifteen train over the Jersey Central road will take you to Brookville. You will have time enough to eat your lunch before you start. The gentleman will sign the enclosed receipt and you will turn it over to the cashier on Monday morning. That is all."

Bob took the package, put on his hat and left the office with his week's pay in his pocket. He got his lunch, crossed the river and boarded the train which would stop at Brookville. Two hours later he reached his destination at a small station on the outskirts of the village.

"Can you direct me to Magnolia Villa where Mr. Foster lives?" Bob asked the agent.

"Yes. The place is about a mile beyond the village. If you follow that street yonder to the road it runs into, turn to your right and walk about a mile you will come to the villa. It is on the right-hand side. The name is on the gate, so you can't make any mistake. Besides it is the only house you will run across that has a cupola," replied the agent.

Bob thanked him, and satisfied he could find the villa all right he started off in the direction indicated. Altogether he had to walk a mile and a half, but he did not mind that. When he reached the villa and asked for Mr. Foster he was ushered into a cheerful library on the

ground floor, where he found a white-haired old gentleman reading. Bob handed him the package and told him the receipt he was to sign was inside, so Mr. Foster opened it and finding its contents agreed with the result he signed the paper and handed it to Bob.

"Did you walk from the station?" said the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir."

"That was quite a walk for you."

"Oh, no. I'm used to walking. I'm on the run every day from about half-past nine till half-past three. I cover a good many miles in the course of a week."

"You look pretty healthy, so I guess it agrees with you," smiled Mr. Foster. "There is no occasion for you to walk back to the station. I'll tell my gardener, who is also my chauffeur, to take you there in my car."

"You needn't go to that trouble, sir. I'd just as soon walk, for I have lots of time. No train stops at the station going north until quarter-past five, and it is only quarter of four now."

The old gentleman rang for a servant and told her to bring some wine and cake.

"No wine for me, Mr. Foster," said Bob.

The old gentleman then told the servant to make some lemonade. During the interval Mr. Foster asked Bob a number of questions about Wall Street, and how he liked his work there, all of which the boy answered. The lemonade and cake appeared and Bob helped himself. The old gentleman got discoursing upon his favorite subject, books, so that it was quarter of five and getting dark when Bob got up to go. Mr. Foster said he must get his car out and send Bob to the station, but the boy wouldn't hear of him doing it, for he said he could walk twice the distance in the half hour he had to make the station. Bob started off at a lively gait and had gone about a quarter of a mile when two hard-looking men suddenly appeared from a bunch of bushes and called him to stop.

"What do you want?" the boy asked, not liking the looks of the fellows.

"Got a quarter about you you could lend us?" said one of them, blocking the boy's path.

"No, I haven't any money for tramps," retorted Bob.

"Oh, yer haven't, eh, we'll have to see," said the man.

Realizing that this was a holdup, Bob made a dash to pass the man in front when the other flung the club he had in his hand. It caught the Wall Street boy on the head and down he went in the road. The blow was a hard one and it dazed Bob.

The men jumped on him and went through his pockets, taking his wages and the money he had to pay for his return ticket. They dragged him across the road and threw him into the bushes. Then they leaped the fence and cut across a field.

CHAPTER VI.—At the Road-house.

Bob crawled out of the bushes, and looking through the fence saw the two rascals hoofing it for the other end of the field. His head was sore and he felt kind of sick, but he was too plucky

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to let the chaps get away with his money without making an effort to recover it despite the odds of two to one. He clambered over the fence and started after them. Had they looked behind they would have seen him coming, but they seemed to have no idea of pursuit from the boy they believed they had knocked out.

The sky was overcast and as dusk was coming on, the air wore a dingy look. The field had been ploughed and that made walking heavy. The men presently disappeared behind a bunch of trees. When Bob reached the trees he saw the rascals getting over a fence beyond. They were now in a meadow sprinkled with a number of trees. Bob followed, keeping a tree between him and the men. The ground sloped toward a road that Bob saw in the near distance. Reaching the road the rascals turned to the left. Bob kept to the meadow and aimed to cut them off. This he could have done if the men had followed the road straight on. Bob saw a light through the trees that lined the road. It wasn't dark yet but it would be pretty soon. The two men crossed over and entered the yard of a road-house, from one of the windows of which the light shone. Bob stopped at the fence and watched them enter an out-house. He got over the fence, crossed the road and entered the yard. Reaching the door of the outhouse he looked in. One of the men had lighted a lantern and the other was counting out their booty in two piles on a bench.

"Six dollars and thirty-five cents apiece," said the fellow who was making the division.

"Is that all? I thought there was more," said the other.

"That's all," was the reply.

"Sure you ain't holdin' out a dollar or two?"

"Me? What would I do that for?"

"To get the biggest share, of course."

"Did you ever know me to try to skin you?"

"No, because I ain't given yer much chance to," said the other, picking up his share.

"I wonder who the kid was? He looked like a stranger."

"So much the better. He ain't likely to give us any trouble."

"He'll probably report the holdup in the village when he gets there and then maybe the constable will be over this way lookin' for us."

"What do we care for the constable? The kid will have a sweet time provin' we took his money. Our word is as good as his."

"And Jim will swear we was in the house helpin' him when the boy says he was robbed. That's as good an alibi as we want."

"Sure it is. Come on, let's go in. Supper must be nearly ready."

Bob was about to make a dash at them with a stick he had picked up when he was seized from behind by somebody who said:

"What are you spying around here for, young fellow?"

"The two rascals in the outhouse turned around and looked.

"Is that you, Jim?" asked one.

"Yes, it's me," was the reply. "Bring the light and let's see who this chap is. I just caught him nosing around the door here."

The light was flashed in Bob's face. The men who had robbed him recognized their victim and

were somewhat surprised to find he had followed them.

"Come now, give an account of yourself, young fellow," said Jim.

"These two men robbed me on the road across the fields that goes to the village and the station, and I followed them to get my money back," replied Bob.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed one of the thieves. "I guess you're daffy. If you've been robbed it was somebody else took your dough."

"No, it wasn't. It was you two. I didn't lose sight of you and followed you right here. You want to hand my money back."

"Well, what do yer think of that for nerve, Jim," said the man with the lantern. "Accusin' two honest men like us of takin' his money. Just as if we'd do such a thing."

"All right," said Bob. "I'll see about it when I get to the village. I've lost my train through you chaps and have two hours to attend to you fellows. I'll see whether I can get justice or not."

"Goin' to report us to the constable, I s'pose? You want to make trouble for us, eh? I reckon we'd better hold on to you till you cool down. Get a piece of rope, Bill, and we'll tie this young rooster up till bimeby, and then we'll take him off somewhere and let him find his way home. He's too cocky altogether for his shoes. Needs a trimmin' to put some sense in his bean."

"Look here, are you going to let these men do me up?" said Bob to Jim, surmising that he was connected with the roadhouse, perhaps the proprietor.

"You haven't any right to be hanging around this place. How do I know but you're a young thief," said Jim.

"I've explained why I am here."

"Your explanation doesn't hold water. These men wouldn't rob you. They work for me and I wouldn't have anybody around that wasn't honest."

"I guess you don't know them then."

The two thieves laughed as if they thought that a good joke. Then one of them grabbed the boy and tied his arms behind him. The two then dragged him over to a corner and tied him to the end of the bench.

"I guess he'll stay there till we come back," said the man named Bill. "Come on to supper, Dave."

They walked out of the outhouse and Bob felt he was in a bad fix. He regretted that he had not accepted Mr. Foster's offer to send him to the station in his car. However, there was no use crying over spilled milk. He was worse off than if he had not followed the two rascals. Still now that he knew they were connected with the roadhouse, he intended to make things hot for them when he got away. The question that bothered him was whether he would be able to prove the robbery against them. It looked rather doubtful, as his accusation lacked corroboration. They would both swear that they hadn't taken a cent from him. And they could rely on the other man, who appeared to be the proprietor of the roadhouse, to help them out. The most important thing at present was to get away. That was easier decided on than executed.

Bob pulled and yanked at his bonds but without any great degree of success. It looked as if he was doomed to stay tied until released by his enemies. While he was working away he heard an automobile come along the road. It stopped in front of the roadhouse. The machine chugged away for a while and then stopped. About this time one of the ropes gave way enough for Bob to get his hand out. The rest was easy for he had a knife in his pocket, and all he had to do was to get it out and sever the rope that held him to the bench. He left the outhouse. The darkness of the night favored him. He walked toward the road. The public room was lighted up by lamps. At a table beside one of the side windows sat two well-dressed men smoking and talking. The man Jim was placing a cocktail before each. Bob recognized one of the visitors as a Wall Street broker he knew by sight. The other man he had never seen before. The two men who had robbed him were not in sight.

Bob decided to wait around until the visitors left the roadhouse and then ask them for a ride as far as the village, if they were going that way. He stood by the window looking into the room. The gentlemen drank their cocktails. In a few minutes they began to act kind of queer, so Bob thought as he watched them. They swayed in their chairs and finally sprawled across the table. After that they made no further movement. Bob was astonished at their actions, and his first idea was that they had drank too much, the last cocktail giving them the finishing touch. What followed opened his eyes to the fact that they were drugged. The landlord went to the back door of the room and called to some one. Immediately the men who had robbed Bob entered the room. One went to the front door and stood there, as if on watch. The other one, with the landlord, approached the two visitors.

Straightening them up in their chairs they dexterously stripped them of their pocketbooks, watches and chains, diamond pins, and other articles of value. Everything was dropped into a small handbag which stood open on the table. Then, taking one of the men between them they carried him out and placed him in the auto. In a few minutes they returned for the other. Then it was that Bob determined to trick the rascals. He saw that the window was down a few inches at the top. Inserting his knife under the lower sash he raised it far enough to get his fingers under it. It was now easy to push up the sash. Pulling himself up across the sill he reached for the open bag and drew it toward him. Snapping it shut, he pulled down the sash, jumped down and glided toward the road where he heard the auto chugging away, one of the men having cranked it. Off went the car with one of the rascals acting as chauffeur, the two gentlemen leaning against each other on the back seat.

The landlord and the other rascal returned to the public room to count their booty and then hide it. Bob did not wait to chuckle over their surprise when they found that the bag had disappeared mysteriously, but took the road after the car, not knowing whether it would take him to the village or away from it.

CHAPTER VII.—Bob Saves Two Lives.

Bob made his way along at a rapid pace. As he walked he wondered where the road-house rascal was taking the two visitors who had been cleaned out of their money and other valuables. He decided that as far as he was concerned he would have to let his \$12.70 go as he did not believe he could prove the robbery against the two men. He felt good because he had turned the tables on the three scoundrels and got away with their plunder, which he felt he would have no great difficulty in restoring to the rightful owners since he knew them by sight. Doubtless they would reward him for saving their property so he would lose nothing in the long run. The road did not go near the village, but crossed the railroad tracks and went on. Bob had covered half the distance from the road-house to the railroad when he suddenly saw a figure approaching in the darkness.

Not caring to take any chances with the bag, he glided into the bushes. Whether the man saw him or not he did not stop. Bob waited till he disappeared along the road and resumed his way. He had an idea it was the rascal who had gone off in the car. He had left the auto somewhere along the road, the boy thought. Ten minutes later he reached the railroad, and there he saw the car standing on the north-bound track with the unconscious gentlemen in it.

"Good Lord! the scoundrel has left the car to be struck by the first train that comes along on that track," cried Bob, rather staggered by the heartless piece of rascality. "That's the way he figured on wiping out any comeback on the part of their victims. The smashing of the car and the death of the gentlemen would look like an accident at the railroad crossing, and so suspicion would never attach to the road-house crooks. They are worse than I took them to be. I wonder what they intended doing to me?"

At that moment Bob heard the whistle of a coming train along the track. This train was an express that did not stop at the village station, a mile below the crossing. The whistle was blown as the train approached the station. Inside of a minute and a half it would be up to the crossing, therefore no time was to be lost if Bob hoped to save the gentlemen and the car from annihilation. As the boy could hardly hope to pull the men out of the car in time to save both of them, he decided to crank the machine, and take the personal risk of driving the car across the rails. Fortunately one turn of the crack started the engine. Then Bob sprang in with the bag, released the brake and put on the power. While doing this he saw the headlight of the locomotive come in sight around an easy curve a short distance away. The glare illuminated the car, and the wideawake engineer immediately whistled down brakes and reversed, opening the sand-sprinkler. As the train was running at a fifty-mile-an-hour clip, it could not be stopped short of the crossing, but its progress might be delayed a few seconds.

Since every second counted in a case of this kind, a tragedy might be avoided by the engine driver's promptness in acting. Bob's spryness, more than anything else, won the day, and the

car shot clear of the track ten seconds before the locomotive crossed the spot where it had been standing. The engineer, seeing that all was right, whistled off brakes, and put the locomotive on its gait again, the train dashing on its way with a rush and a roar that soon carried it out of sight. Bob stopped the car to consider what he should do. He had no idea where the road led to. Apparently it did not go toward the village of Brookville, but away from it. As far as he could see, he would have to keep on. He hoped it would take him into one of the main roads running north. So he started up again and proceeded. A run of six miles brought him into a small town. He decided to stop there, and inquired the way to the best hotel.

Reaching the hotel he stopped in front of it, and, taking the bag with him, entered and explained matters to the night clerk. A couple of porters were called, and the unconscious men fetched into the public room, where their condition immediately attracted attention. A doctor was sent for to attend to them. He arrived in a short time, and it only took him a few minutes to pronounce them under the influence of a drug. He said it would have to take its course, and advised that the men be taken to a room and laid on the bed to recover. This was done and the car taken into the yard. Bob then registered himself and was given a room, to which he immediately repaired with the bag. Hiding the bag under the bed, he took a wash, and then, as the hotel dining-room was closed, he went to a restaurant to get his supper. In order to pay his expenses he had to take a bill from the money in the bag.

After eating he found his way to the station-house and told his story to the police. The officer in charge decided to send a posse to arrest the people at the road-house, and Bob was directed to accompany the expedition. The police auto was brought around, and the party proceeded to the hotel and pressed the other car into service. Both machines then started for the road-house at a hot clip. When they stopped in front of the house, two of the officers went into the yard, while the other two, with Bob, entered through the front door. The proprietor was behind the bar, and there were nearly a dozen farmers and farmhands seated at the tables smoking and drinking. One of the two men who robbed Bob was acting as a waiter. Bob pointed him and the proprietor out to the officers, and they were at once put under arrest, despite their protests. A search for the other man was made, and he was found upstairs. The proprietor's wife, who was found in her room, was told to look after the place, as the prisoners were to be carried to the town and locked up. Until they reached the station-house the rascals supposed that Bob had brought the complaint against them on his own account. Then they discovered that the chief charge against them was the robbery of the two gentlemen after drugging them.

The man Bill was further accused of leaving the car with their victims on the railroad track to be struck by the express. They put up a bold front, however, and declared they were innocent. After their pedigrees were taken down they were sent to pass the night in cells. Bob

returned to the hotel and went to bed, after learning that the two gentlemen were still under the influence of the drug. Towards morning they recovered in a strange room, lying on a bed with their clothes on. Their last recollection was being in the public room of the road-house. It didn't take them long to discover that their money and other valuables were gone, so it was plain to them that they had been cleaned out. As they had no remembrance of such treatment, they judged that they had been given drugged liquor at the road-house and then robbed.

"This is a pretty state of affairs," said one of them, by name George Curtis. "I wonder if this room is upstairs in the roadhouse?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," replied his companion, whose name was Ashley.

"We'd better make an effort to get away and reach the village of Brookville, which is about a mile away, and notify the police of the outrage. We'll have to walk, no doubt, for those rascals have most likely locked the car in the out-house."

"Let us start at once."

"May be we are locked in and can't get away," said Curtis.

On trying the door they found it was not locked.

"This isn't the roadhouse," said Curtis. "There was no electric lights in that place. The public room we drank in was lighted by lamps."

"That's right," nodded his friend. "The rascals must have brought us to this place to get us out of the way."

They walked downstairs and entered the public corridor of the hotel. The night clerk recognized them.

"So you gentlemen have recovered from the dope you got?" he said.

"How came we to be in this hotel?" said Broker Curtis.

"You were brought here in your own car by a young man who says he found your machine, with you two in it, standing on the railroad track at the crossing five miles from here. As an express was coming along, he had to hustle to save your lives," replied the clerk.

This piece of news rather staggered the gentlemen.

"The last thing we remember was stopping at a road-house and taking a couple of drinks there. What is the name of this place?"

"Dashtown."

"And it's five miles from the railroad?"

"Yes."

"Who is the young man who claims to have saved our lives?"

"His name is Robert Hazelton. He is stopping here to-night. He's from New York. Told me that he works in Wall Street and was sent down to Brookville yesterday afternoon to deliver a package. He was on his way to the station to catch the 5.20 train when he was held up by a couple of rascals in the road and cleaned out of all his money. He followed the fellows to the road-house just before you two got there in your car. He saw what happened to you, and how after you were robbed one of the men carried you off toward the railroad in your car. He followed with the intention of reporting matters to the Brookville police. When he reached

the Jersey Central tracks he saw a car standing across the north-bound track. He saw you gentlemen in it, unconscious. Then he heard the whistle of an express coming, and he had just time to crank the machine and start it across the tracks when the train went by. He said you had a narrow squeak for your lives."

"We must see the young man in the morning. What time is it now?"

"Three o'clock."

"Can you direct us to the station-house in this town?"

"Yes, but there is no need of you going there. The young man went there and reported the affair and the police went to the road-house and pinched the three rascals. They are in jail now."

"Good," said Curtis. "Then there is nothing for us to do but turn in for the rest of the night. We have to pay our bill, but we are both responsible New Yorkers, and I will send you the amount of your bill. There is my business card," tossing a card on the counter.

"That's all right," said the clerk, looking at the card which showed that the gentleman was a Wall Street broker. "You might as well register while you are about it, and in the morning after breakfast you can see the proprietor."

The gentlemen registered and the clerk marked the room after their names. Then they went upstairs and turned in for the rest of the night.

Bob came down about eight and went in to breakfast, after sending a telegram to his folks stating where he was. Then he went to his room and secured the plunder belonging to the gentlemen. In one of the wallets he found a card stating O. & B. was to be bought by a syndicate the following Monday. Bob felt sure he had secured a good tip. When he came downstairs he saw the two gentlemen sitting on the piazza and introduced himself. Bob explained matters and went back upstairs and brought down their property and gave it to them. The men were profuse in their thanks both for saving their lives and property.

In a short time a policeman came for them and conducted them to court to be present at the trial of the prisoners. The thieves were eventually sent to prison for ten years each. The brokers took Bob to New York in their car. The next day Mr. Curtis called on Bob and presented him with a gold watch and chain and a pair of diamond cuff buttons. On Thursday Bob bought 1,500 shares of O. & B. He also called on Mrs. Wood and handed her the tip. O. & B. soon was on the jump and when it reached 105 he sold out and made \$20,000. Mrs. Wood clear \$13,000 on her deal. Now that he had \$40,000 in cash Bob decided to go in business on his own account. So he tendered his resignation to Mr. Beard and hired an office. He had cards printed and sent one each to Mr. Beard and Mrs. Wood. Both were amazed at his pluck and Mrs. Wood made up her mind to help him all she could. He also sent a card to Mr. Curtis, who called on him and told him to call on him if he needed his services.

Billy Burton also called on him and was surprised at his friend's starting in for himself, but Bob did not tell him how he was situated as regards money. One day the following week Abe Singleton met Bob on the street and in his

usual grouchy manner gave him a note to hand to his boss. But when Bob informed him he was not connected with Mr. Beard any longer but was in for himself Singleton snatched the note from Bob and walked away without saying a word. Bob heard that Southern Railway was about to boom, and later Mrs. Wood came in and ordered him to buy 2,000 shares for her. Bob did so and went in heavily himself in that stock through Mr. Curtis. The stock went up to 120 and Mrs. Wood made \$68,000 and Bob \$25,000. Bob now had a circular printed which he sent to out-of-town people advising them what stocks to invest in. He got quite a number of replies and several orders for stock.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Corner In Money.

A few days after that Bob noticed that D. & C. was rising, so he called on Mr. Beard and bought 1,000 shares at 93 on margin. The broker took the order, and thinking that the boy had got another tip, he bought 5,000 himself. In a day or two Bob dropped in on Curtis and told him what he had bought.

"Get out of it as quick as you can," said Curtis.

"Why so? It's going up."

"A syndicate is forging the price as a blind. You would have done better to have sold short."

"I can do that now if you say so."

"Give me an order to sell two or three thousand. You'll win."

"I haven't the money to deposit with me, but I'll fetch it around in fifteen minutes."

"All right. Sign that order and get the money."

On his way to the deposit vault Bob dropped in at Beard's office and told the cashier to sell his 1,000 shares right away. D. & C. was up to 95 then, and he hoped to make \$2,000 out of the deal. Before his order reached Mr. Beard the stock started on a quick slump, and he was sold out at 92, losing \$1,000. The broker himself lost \$5,000, and kicked himself for following Bob's lead. The price dropped to 85, at which point Curtis bought in 3,000 for the boy, and several thousand for himself. Bob made \$21,000 by the slump, less the \$1,000 he was out through his first deal. When he got his money he was worth \$85,000 in cash. Bob got a couple of more orders from correspondents, one of whom sent him \$1,000 to secure the purchase of 100 shares of L. & D. In both cases the customers won, and Bob began to wonder if his luck extended to the people who did business through him. During his first six weeks as his own boss he had cleared \$45,000, and about \$300 in commissions.

"I guess I made no mistake in leaving Mr. Beard," he thought. "If my luck keeps on I'll soon be worth \$100,000."

Two days later he got a letter from a correspondent to whom he had twice sent information about stocks. This time the man sent him \$1,000 and an order to buy 100 shares of Texas Central on margin. Now, Bob didn't think much of Texas Central. The record of the road was not very good, and it was not recognized as a profit-

A CORNER IN MONEY

able stock to speculate with. Bob felt bound, however, to carry out the orders of his customer. He went around to Broker Curtis and showed him the order.

"I wonder how he came to pick that stock out?" said Bob. "I don't see anything in it for him."

"That need not worry you any. The man orders you to buy 100 shares of it. If he loses money on it that is his funeral," said Curtis.

"I know, but I want my customers to win. Then they'll probably continue to trade through me. If they lose, I am likely to lose them."

"You can't help that. You have got to follow orders. I suppose you want me to fill that order for you?"

"Yes. Go ahead and do it."

Two days later Texas Central began falling. Bob told Curtis to sell it out. He did this on his own responsibility to save his customer from some of the loss. During that day the stock dropped eleven points altogether, which would have wiped his customer out of his \$1,000 deposit had Bob not sold. As it was, the man was only \$200 out. A good many brokers would have reported the customer closed out and in debt to the firm, even if they had acted as Bob had done, and have pocketed the \$800. He was half through with the letter when the door opened and a big man came in.

"How do you do?" he said. "Is Mr. Hazelton in?"

"That's my name," replied Bob.

"You are his son, perhaps?"

"No, sir. I am Robert Hazelton, and this is my office."

The man stared at him.

"Why, you're only a boy."

"I can't deny that, sir."

"And you claim to be a broker?"

"That's my business. What can I do for you?"

"My name is Thompson. I saw your advertisement in a paper I take up at my home in Chemung, and I sent you a bank draft for \$1,000, with an order to buy me 100 shares of Texas Central. I got a letter from you saying that you bought the stock. Well, I see there's been a slump in the price, so I suppose I have lost my \$1,000."

"You would have lost it if I had not sold out when I saw the stock dropping. I had no right to do it, but I wanted to save as much of your money as I could. My principle is to work for the interests of my customers. I thought you had picked out a mighty poor stock to speculate in, and had you called on me in person I would have advised you to try something else. Most brokers would not have taken any special interest in your affairs unless you had furnished them with special instructions. I did the best I could for you, so you are not as bad off as you might have been."

"Then there is something coming to me?"

"There is."

"How much?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

"Young man, I guess you are smarter than I had any idea you were when I came in and looked at you. How is it that you do not report me sold out at the lowest quotation and pocket the \$800?"

"Because I don't do business that way. It isn't an honest way. That is a bucketshop method. I am in business to make a reputation for square dealing. I was just writing to you about your deal. Here is your statement. It shows that you have lost \$200. I am ready to hand you the rest, less my commission of \$25."

"Young man, I have speculated off and on for several years, and I am bound to say that I did not expect to recover a dollar. I'll take the \$775, and then, perhaps, you'll suggest something I can recoup my loss in."

Bob handed him the money and took his receipt for it.

"I can suggest several stocks, but I assume no responsibility if they fail to win. I have no control over the market."

Among others Bob mentioned D. & G., and the man told him to buy 1000 shares of it for his account, handing him \$1,000 to cover the margin. Thompson remained for about an hour, and then went away feeling better than when he came in. During the last week in May Mrs. Wood called again and told Bob to buy 3,000 shares of Iron Mountain Short Line for her account on margin. It was a gilt-edge stock and ruled around 125. She told the young speculator that she had been tipped off to a prospective rise of ten points, and she told him to sell her shares when it reached that price, if it did. If it did not reach 135, and showed signs of weakness, she authorized him to sell at the best figure he could get.

Bob placed her order with Curtis, and handed an order to Mr. Beard for 3,000 on his own account. Iron Mountain went to 135 in the first week in June, and Bob ordered Curtis and Beard to sell the stock. Mrs. Wood made \$30,000, and Bob a like amount. It was about this time that a big trust company uptown suspended payment, and two or three other banks above Fourteenth street closed their doors, too. The newspapers printed sensational stories about the institutions, stating that their chief officers had been guilty of rank mismanagement, and charged them with loaning large sums to politicians and others on insufficient security in order to secure deposits from the city and other favors. The result was that confidence was shaken and runs started on most of the other banks.

For a time things looked pretty shaky. The solvent banks stood the runs all right, but this unexpected withdrawal of millions of money by timid depositors created a shortage of ready cash and as a consequence the interest rates jumped in Wall Street, and people needing ready cash not only found it difficult to get it, but they had to pay high for the accommodation. All this played into the hands of the money-lenders. They saw their opportunity to squeeze borrowers, and they did it. They finally worked matters so they got a corner on the money supply, and boomed their charges higher than ever. Of course, this raised a howl among the brokers and others who went to these people for a loan. The banks were not lending money as freely as usual, for they needed it themselves to meet the drain. Indeed, the clearing house had to come to the assistance of its members and issue temporary notes to tide over the situation. Manufacturing establishments with large pay-rolls

to meet found it impossible to get all the cash they needed from their bank, and had to borrow money from the money-lenders at a big premium, or induce their employees to accept checks for a part of their wages. Abe Singleton was one of the best known money-lenders in the Street.

For years he had made a pile of money out of the brokers, and in the stringency the traders expected him to go easy with them in return for their patronage. Singleton didn't see it in that light. He was not even satisfied to avail himself of the high rates that prevailed, but wanted the earth and everything in it. To that end he called upon all the money-lenders doing business in the financial district to meet him at his office on a certain day with a view to their mutual advantage. They came to see what he had on the hooks. He went over the situation with them, and proposed a combine that would control the bulk of the available cash outside of the banks.

"Everybody who has money is hoarding it away in their safe-deposit boxes," he said, quite truthfully. "They are withdrawing as much from the banks as they can get, and to meet their demands the banks are loaning as little as possible. If we combine our resources as a syndicate, we can force the premium up to any figure we choose to make."

"But the Government is about to put out forty or fifty million to relieve the bank," said one of the money-lenders present.

"What of it? Who will get those millions? The people who need it most in small lots? Not by a jugful, my friends. The syndicated bankers will get every dollar of it, and they will let it out to their favorites at high rates. The Borgans, the Dockettellers, and such will make millions by assisting the Government to pass it around. They will get the cash at its face value, but they won't distribute it that way. They will have to have a rake-off, and you know what that means. At any rate, the small fry who are forced to come to us will have to pay the highest figure, and the forty or fifty million won't begin to go around. This is our chance. It may not last long, but while it does last it is to our interest to make hay while the sun shines. Therefore, my friends, I have called you here to urge a combination. Let us show a firm and equal front. Let us ask the very limit for our cash. Let us organize and appoint a committee to make the daily figure at which we shall loan our funds, and the people who must have money at any cost will have to pay it: We will make our loans independently, of course, but we will engage not to loan a cent under the established price made by the committee."

"But we can be prosecuted for combining in restraint of trade," said another man.

"Not at all," said Singleton. "Money is an article of necessity, it is true, but it is not a necessity like the necessities of life. Anyway, the Government is too fully occupied with the solution of this crisis to bother about our methods. When the crisis is over our combine will cease automatically, and the Government will find nothing tangible to proceed against."

Singleton argued his point well, and most of the fraternity who loaned money as a business

fell in with his views. The minority, finding that it would be to their interest to agree, did so, and thus a corner in money was established, and Singleton shook hands with himself, and also with the members of the combine. He was made chairman of the committee to establish the daily price, and the committee going into executive session right away made next day's figure, which was the highest price that had yet prevailed in Wall Street. A howl went up from the brokers in consequence. They rushed up from one money-lender to another to meet the same figure. Then all Wall Street began to realize that its ordinary members were at the mercy of the loan sharks, and indignation waxed to fever heat.

CHAPTER IX.—Bob Tries to Break the Money Corner.

The money stringency naturally affected the stock market. Speculators with small means were obliged to keep out of the game. Those who could afford to gamble continued to do so, but the brokers found it difficult to swing large deals. The banks would only accept the best securities, the value of which had gone down under the panicky strain, and on these they loaned about half of their value, as the slump in values continued at a steady rate. The money-lenders, in order to secure business at their increased rates, were loaning ten per cent. more than the banks would on similar security. They were safe in doing this on call loans, and those who had to raise cash found the ten per cent. an inducement.

Under the conditions now existing Bob Singleton quit speculating. He had \$115,000 in his safe deposit box, and as he had no business he concluded to lend the money out. He did not intend to charge the usurious rates of the regular money-lenders. He did not doubt that he could get such rates, but he felt that he could turn his funds over to excellent advantage on a more liberal basis. Anyway, the brokers who patronized him would appreciate it, and he believed in making friends with them with a view to the future after things had resumed their normal standing in Wall Street. He was preparing an advertisement to insert in a couple of the Wall Street dailies when the door opened and Mrs. Wood came in. Bob was always glad to see the lady, but this time he hoped she had not come to speculate. He was not anxious to take any orders in that line, for he knew that his friend Curtis was pushed for money, and that Mr. Beard was also handicapped the same way, due to the difficulty of raising loans at the banks.

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Wood," he said, springing up and handing her a chair beside the desk.

"Are you doing any speculating now?" she asked.

"Not a bit. I've quit during the money stringency."

"And your capital is locked up in your safe deposit box?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I'm thinking of loaning it out at the present high interest rates such as the banks charge, not what the money sharks are asking."

"I have come down to see you on the same subject."

"Then you have a bunch of cash not on deposit at your bank?"

"Yes, I have half a million in bills in my safe deposit box."

"Then you stand to make a good thing loaning it out."

"It would hardly look well for me to go into the loaning business, so I called to see if you wouldn't take charge of my money and put it out on call at the prevailing rate."

"Are you willing to give me the control of so much money? How do you know but I might be tempted to run off to Europe with it?"

"I am perfectly satisfied with your integrity, Robert. I know my money will be safe in your hands."

"I thank you for the confidence you show in me. I shall not disappoint you. It wouldn't pay me to run away with your money even if I was that way inclined. I am worth \$115,000 now, and I have a career before me. By the time I reach my majority I hope to be on the way to half a million."

"We will go into a sort of partnership with our money. You have about one hundred thousand to loan, and I have five times as much. I will allow you a fair percentage on the business you do with my funds. You will keep an account of the loans, and when this panic is over, and the interest rate has returned to its normal standard, I will settle with you."

"All right, Mrs. Wood. With \$600,000 to loan at bank rates, I think I will be able to put a crimp in the business of some of these loan sharks who are taking undue advantage of the necessities of the traders. There is one of them named Abe Singleton, whose office is in this building, and on this floor. I call him the kingpin shark of them all. It is rumored about that he is responsible for the corner in money that the average borrowers of the Street are up against. Nothing would suit me better than to cut into his business. He'd have a fit every time he found out that I had deprived him of a victim."

Mrs. Wood said she would come down every day and get him the money he wanted until all the money was out, and then she'd leave the rest to the young speculator. Bob, whose advertising copy read that he had \$100,000 to loan on approved securities at the banking rates, on a sixty per cent. basis, altered it to a million. Of course he would only be able to loan \$600,000, but no one would know that, and a million looked better in print. After Mrs. Wood went home Bob took the advertisement and inserted it in the two Wall Street dailies, where it was certain to be seen at once, and he knew he would have customers for the money right away. He told Mrs. Wood so, and she promised to be at the office next morning at ten o'clock. If a borrower called before she turned up he would put out some or all of his own money. When Bob reached his office at half-past nine, he found a well-dressed man waiting outside.

"How do you do, sir. Want to see me?" he asked the visitor.

"I want to see Robert Hazelton."

"That is my name. Walk in," said Bob, unlocking the door.

The man, who had a package in his hand, walked in.

"You are not the person who advertised to loan a million, I am sure," said the caller. "Perhaps it's your father."

"No, sir. My father would find some difficulty in raising a million. Anyway, he isn't doing business in Wall Street. How much money do you want?"

"Then you are actually loaning money yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want to borrow about \$60,000, if I can get it."

"You can get it right here if you have the right security."

The gentleman, who handed out his card, which proved he was a broker, with an office in Exchange Place, opened the package and showed what he had in the way of stock. Bob sized it up at the market price, which was liable to drop, and said he would let him have \$60,000 on the stock, but that the loan must be returned in cash or certified check on demand. The borrower agreed to that. Bob made out the note and handed it to the gentleman to sign.

"Now come around to my safe deposit vault and I will let you have the money," said the young speculator.

He hung a sign on his door, "Will return in fifteen minutes," and they went away together. At the vault the man handed him the note and the stock, and Bob counted out the money in sixty \$1,000 bills. Bob placed the stock in his box and took out the rest of his money. Then he returned to the office and found Mrs. Wood and another broker waiting there. Bob loaned his second customer \$50,000 on good bonds, and that cleaned him out of ready cash with the exception of \$5,000.

"You'd better run round to your vault and fetch me your money, Mrs. Wood," he said. "I've put all my money out on two loans. I guess I'll be able to place all your funds to-day, perhaps before noon."

While she was gone a third trader came after \$25,000, and as his security was good, Bob said he could have the money.

"I have just sent out for some cash, and you will only have to wait for a few minutes," said the boy.

In a short time Mrs. Wood returned with the money and handed it over. Bob handed the borrower the sum he wanted, and put the rest in the safe with the three notes. A fourth man came in fifteen minutes later, and he got \$35,000 on gilt-edge paper. By noon Bob had loaned \$200,000 of Mrs. Wood's cash. When two o'clock came around he had put out \$150,000 more. In some way Singleton heard that Robert Hazelton was loaning large sums at the banking rate, and he came around to investigate. Mrs. Wood was out at lunch.

"Look here, young man, have you got money to loan?" cried Singleton, crustily.

"Yes. Do you want some?"

"No, I don't want any. I heard you were putting it out at—" and he mentioned the rate the banks were asking that day.

"You heard right. What about it?"

"You want to quit it."

"What for? This is a free country, isn't it? I have the right to loan all the money I can get hold of."

"You are not a regular money-lender, neither are you a banker. You have no right to lend money."

"Get out! Anybody has the right to loan money at any time to anybody. I've got a couple of million on tap, with more coming, and I'm going to put it out at a decent rate. I'm not a Shylock like you and your crowd."

"How dare you call me a Shylock?" roared Singleton.

"Because that's what you are. You're a loan shark. You are taking advantage of the money stringency to bleach everybody you can. Well, I'm going to do you out of some of your borrowers by letting them have cash at the banking rate."

Singleton pounded the desk angrily.

"Where did you get the money you are loaning?" he cried.

"That is none of your business. Suppose I asked you where you got your own money, how would you like it?"

"You are acting for somebody."

"Suppose I am. What have you got to say about it?"

"I'll put a stop to your game before the day is out."

"If you or any of your crowd interfere with me I'll have you arrested."

"What's that?"

"You heard what I said, and I mean it. Now get back to your den and stay there, like the skinny spider you are. I've got business to attend to."

At that point a visitor walked in.

"Is Mr. Hazleton in?" said the caller.

"Yes, sir. Want a loan?"

"Yes. I want to get \$40,000."

"Show up your security."

"Don't do business with this boy," interposed Singleton. "He is not responsible. I am a reputable money-lender, and will lend you any sum you require. My name is Singleton. Here is my card."

"Look here, Singleton, you have no right to interfere with my customers."

"Come along with me, Mr.——" said the money-lender, taking the man by the arm.

"Leave this gentleman alone," said Bob, interfering. "You are not a reputable money-lender, but a disreputable shark, for you are asking exorbitant rates. I am loaning money at the regular banking rates. Show me your securities, sir."

"Don't you do it. I will let you have all the cash you want at the banking rate," said Singleton.

"So you are taking water, are you, you old Shylock? Get out of my office or I'll throw you out."

Bob grabbed Singleton by the collar and slack of his trousers and ran him over to the door.

"Now get out," he said, opening it.

The money-lender sputtered with rage and struck Bob in the face. The boy hauled off and smashed him in the eye, sending him staggering

outside. Then he shut the door and returned to his customer.

CHAPTER X.—The Forged Stock Certificates.

"You'll excuse this rumpus, sir, but I'm not taking any nonsense from that loan shark. I dare say you know him or have heard of him. Everybody in Wall Street is acquainted with Abe Singleton. He and his bunch have run up the price of money on account of the squeeze, and they ought to be kicked."

"Yes, I know Singleton, and you handed him what he deserved. I wouldn't borrow a dollar from him if I could help myself. I saw your advertisement and called to see if I could do business with you. Here is my card."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Hines. Now let me see your securities. If they are all right you'll get what you want."

They proved to be all right, and the loan was put through. Bob heard no more from Singleton that afternoon, and when he closed down at four o'clock he had loaned \$425,000 of Mrs. Wood's money. Singleton had done little business that day, and he was in bad humor. To make things worse for him and his crowd, the banks had sent out circulars to their customers denouncing the loan sharks and their methods, and raising their margin five per cent. The sharks held a meeting that afternoon and decided to loan 65 per cent. of the value of the securities offered. Singleton told them about Bob, and said he must be put out of business right away. One of them suggested a plan to do him, and it was decided to carry it out next day. At eleven next morning Bob had loaned the last of Mrs. Wood's money.

"I'll have to tell my next customer that the million has been taken up," he said to himself, as he made the last entry in his book. Just then the door opened and a man came in.

"Are you Robert Hazleton?" asked the visitor.

"Yes."

"I want to borrow \$50,000. Here is some stock which you will find worth at least \$100,000," and the man handed a bunch of certificates to the boy.

They were Illinois Central shares, which at that time were quoted at \$110. Bob looked them over carefully. He had just made his last loan on the same stock, and there seemed to be a difference in the certificates. He went to his safe and made a comparison. The signatures of the officers on this new lot looked enough different to arouse a suspicion in his mind that they were not genuine. Bob saw other discrepancies. He returned to his desk and looked at the visitor's card. It bore the name and address of a broker in the Johnston Building. At that moment Broker Curtis came in.

"Are you acquainted with this gentleman, Mr. Curtis?" he asked.

"No, I haven't the honor," replied Curtis.

"Here is his card," and Bob showed it to him.

"I know Mr. Day well. This is not the gentleman," said Curtis.

Bob looked at his visitor, who appeared to have grown uneasy.

"You represented yourself as Mr. Day when

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"you introduced yourself and asked for a loan on this stock," said the young speculator.

"My name is Day," said the caller, in a hesitating way.

"But this isn't your business card, is it?"

The visitor reluctantly admitted that it wasn't.

"Well, who are you, anyway?"

"John Day."

"Are you a broker?"

"Certainly."

"Where is your office?"

"In the Johnston Building."

"Where's your proper business card?"

The visitor fumbled in his pockets and then said he didn't have one with him.

"Is this your stock? I see that the certificates are made out in the name of John Day?"

"Yes."

"Look these certificates over and compare them with this Illinois Central one, Mr. Curtis, and tell me what you think of them," said Bob.

"If you don't want to accept them for the loan, I'll go elsewhere," said the visitor, wiping his face in a nervous way.

"The top certificate is a forgery," said Curtis, promptly, "so is the next."

"That's what I thought," said Bob. "How do you account for that, Mr. Day?"

"Why—why—I bought them for genuine."

"Bought \$100,000 worth of forged stock for genuine, eh? From whom?"

"I don't recall——"

"Isn't it a fact that you knew they were forged, and that you brought them in to me with the purpose of trying to work them off on me because I'm a boy?"

"Not at all. You must be mistaken about their being forged."

"The entire lot is forged," said Curtis. "The signatures of the officers are not genuine."

"This is a serious matter, Mr. Day, and will have to be investigated. Borgan & Co. are the transfer agents for the stock. Ring them up, Mr. Curtis, and asked them to send a clerk over here to pass upon the character of a number of Illinois Central stock certificates which are suspected to be forgeries. Send them the numbers, and say they are made out in the name of John Day."

Broker Curtis pulled Bob's telephone to him and asked to be connected with Borgan & Co.

"I'll go and get my partner," said the visitor, starting for the door.

"Not just yet you won't," said Bob, intercepting his retreat. "You'll stay right in this room until I let you go."

"I protest against being detained."

"You can protest as much as you want to, but you can't leave my office until this matter is settled."

The visitor made another effort to leave, but Bob made him sit down. In a quarter of an hour a clerk from Borgan & Co. appeared with a memorandum.

"The certificates of which you telephoned us the numbers are registered in the names of these people and not John Day," he said.

"Well, look at those certificates and say whether or not they are genuine," said Bob.

The clerk examined them and pronounced all of them forgeries.

"Here is the man who brought them to my office, represented himself as Broker Day, of the Johnston Building, and asked for a loan of \$50,000 on them. You can talk to him."

The clerk asked the man where he got the certificates, but he declined to say.

"If you won't give us any satisfaction I shall have to send for a policeman," said Bob.

The man threw up the sponge and said he had received the certificates from Hiram Lewis, a money-lender.

"But you knew they were forged?"

The visitor denied that he knew that. He said he supposed they were genuine.

"Look here, are you sure that Abe Singleton isn't at the bottom of this job which seems to have been put up on me?"

The caller denied that Singleton had had anything to do with the certificates.

"Call up the police, Mr. Curtis. I'm going to see this thing through," said Bob.

The visitor begged him not to send for the police, but Bob was determined. Then the boy told Curtis to ring up Hiram Lewis' office, in the Astor Building, and tell him that he was wanted at Robert Hazleton's office at once. A policeman and Lewis came about the same time.

"Are you Mr. Lewis, the money-lender?" asked Bob.

"I am," replied Lewis.

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes; his name is John Day."

"He brought a number of Illinois Central certificates to raise a loan on. He says he got them from you."

"What's the matter with them?"

"They are forged."

"Forged! On what ground do you say that?"

"Here is a clerk from Borgan & Co., the transfer agents. He pronounces them forgeries, and says they are poor ones."

"The certificates I gave Mr. Day were genuine ones. Somebody must have made a substitution since the package left my office."

"Did you send him to my office to raise a loan?"

"No."

Bob then told the officer to take the man along. Day set up a howl, but Lewis told him to go with the officer and he would bail him out.

"If you don't get me out of this scrape I'll blow on you and the others," Bob heard Day say in a low tone to Lewis.

That was enough to convince him that he had snipped a conspiracy in the bud, and he was satisfied that Abe Singleton had something to do with it. The policeman led Day away, and Lewis went along. The officer carried the package of certificates to be used as evidence, and Bob said he would appear at the Tombs Police Court that afternoon to push the case. The clerk returned to the bank and reported, and Borgan & Co. decided it was their duty to take the lead in the prosecution of the man who had tried to swindle Bob with the bogus Illinois Central certificates. At two o'clock Bob and Borgan's & Co.'s clerk appeared at the Tombs. Broker Curtis had accompanied them. After several minor cases had been disposed of, John Day was called to the bar, and he pleaded not guilty of trying to work off the forged certificates.

Bob was the first witness against him. He told all that happened at his office in connection with Day's visit. He identified the certificates as the ones the man had assured him were worth \$100,000. Broker Curtis testified also and identified the certificates as those Bob had asked him to pass upon. Then Borgan & Co.'s clerk went on the stand and swore that the certificates were forgeries.

He exhibited the railroad company's stock transfer book to show that John Day's name did not appear thereon as stockholder of record of the certificates in question. A lawyer was in court to look after Day's interests, and Hiram Lewis was also present. As Day maintained he had received the certificates from Lewis, that gentleman was asked to explain how it happened that they were made out in Day's name when he was not a stockholder. Lewis found himself in a hole and tried to squirm out of it by saying that a man named John Day had left the certificates at his office as security for a small loan, and failing to redeem them he had persuaded the prisoner, whose name was not Day, but Parks, to take them to a broker's and sell them.

Parks was asked why he had represented himself as John Day to Bob, and had asked for a loan on the certificates instead of offering them for sale. His excuse was so weak that the magistrate did not believe him. He was held under \$50,000 bail. Then Borgan & Co.'s clerk asked for the arrest of Lewis as accessory before the fact, and the magistrate granted his request. His bail was fixed at \$25,000. Lewis wrote a note and handed it to the lawyer to deliver. This note was addressed to Abe Singleton. Parks and Lewis were then sent to a cell in the Tombs, while Bob and his party returned to Wall Street.

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

On returning to his office Bob found Mrs. Wood waiting for him.

"Here is \$1,000 in bills, Robert; I wish you would go out and get me the equivalent in gold," she said.

"All right," said Bob, unlocking his door.

He got a small cash-box he had in his safe, and leaving the lady in the office, he started for a money broker's to make the exchange. While he was away Abe Singleton came in and asked for the young speculator. He looked boiling mad. Mrs. Wood said he was out, but would be back in a short time.

"I'll wait for him outside," said the money-lender.

In the course of ten minutes Bob appeared and saw Singleton pacing up and down in front of his door.

"Hello, Mr. Singleton, what do you want?" said the boy.

"I want you!" roared Singleton.

"Here I am. What have you to say to me?"

"You have had a friend of mine arrested."

"Is Parks, alias John Day, a friend of yours?" said Bob. "Glad to hear you admit it. Of course you know why he was arrested. He tried to work off a bunch of forged Illinois Central

stock certificates on me for a loan of half their value. It didn't go, and now he is in jail."

"What did you do with those certificates?"

"Are you interested in them?"

"None of your business. I am asking you what you did with them?"

"Perhaps I have them in this box," replied Bob.

As he spoke, Mrs. Wood, hearing his voice, came out of his office. Singleton grabbed the cash-box from Bob and tried to escape with it. The boy caught him by the lapel of his coat, and Mrs. Wood raised her umbrella to strike the loan shark. In the scuffle the box flew open. A stream of glittering double eagles went dancing down the broad stairs. A couple of gentlemen came out of a nearby office at that moment and were surprised at the scene they saw.

"Gentlemen, help me secure this thief," cried Bob.

They immediately laid hold of Singleton. The money-lender struggled violently and protested that he was a respectable man, a tenant of the building, and that his name was Singleton.

"Hold on to him while I recover the gold which is scattered over the stairs," said Bob.

He got the cash-box away from Singleton, and with the help of Mrs. Wood gathered up the double eagles that had escaped from it. He then made a hasty count of the coins and found he had got them all. The money-lender was marched into his office.

"Now, Mr. Singleton, I've got you where the hair is short. Confess that you put up that job of the bogus bonds to get square with me."

"I'll confess nothing," roared Singleton.

"Then you'll go to jail for trying to steal that cash-box with \$1,000 in gold in it. That's grand larceny," said Bob.

"You young imp, how dare you accuse me of stealing anything? I am worth half a million, and my respectability is beyond question."

Bob paid no attention to his remarks, but telephoned for a policeman. Singleton acted like a wild man, but he had found his master in the boy speculator, who intended to make full use of his advantage. The money-lender was too much worked up to realize how deep he was in the mire. Bob was satisfied that he had engineered the forged certificate business to skin him out of \$50,000, and break up his business if he could. And the boy meant to pay him back for it. And he believed that the extinguishment of Singleton would break up the loan shark combine. That of itself would be a feather in his cap when the fact became known, and would make him popular with the brokers. So when the policeman came Bob ordered him to arrest Singleton on the charge of attempting to steal \$1,000.

Mrs. Wood corroborated the charge. She believed that the money-lender had really meant to get away with the cash, though Bob knew that the reason he grabbed the bag was because he thought it held the incriminating stock certificates. The fact that he was so anxious to get hold of the certificates was proof enough to Bob that he was behind the scheme. Singleton roared like a wild bull when the officer told him to come along.

"This is an outrage," he said. "It is ridiculous

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that I would try to steal money from anybody when I'm worth over half a million."

"Why did you snatch the box out of my hands?" said Bob.

"Because I thought——"

He stopped abruptly.

"Because you thought it had the forged stock in it—is that what you were going to say?"

"No, it isn't," snarled the money-lender.

"Well, I'm not a mind reader, so I must charge you with what you actually did; not with what you had in your mind. Come along, Mrs. Wood, we'll accompany him to the station and see that he's held for examination before a magistrate."

Singleton had to go, but on his way to the elevator he prevailed on the officer to stop at his office. Bob and Mrs. Wood followed them inside. Singleton went to the 'phone and called up one of his money-lender associates, told him he had been arrested on a foolish charge, and asked him to come to his aid. Then the party went to the police station, where Singleton was locked up after a vigorous protest. He was shortly afterward taken to the Tombs. There he was let out on \$1,000 bail to appear in court next morning. Bob called on Borgan & Co., and had an interview with one of the partners.

He told the gentleman about the Singleton episode, and said he was confident that the money-lender was the man behind the forged certificates, giving as his reason the trouble he had had at various times with Singleton. In order to see if Bob was right, application was made at Police Headquarters to put Parks, alias Day, through the Third Degree to make him confess, and in order to help matters along, to promise the man protection if he was willing to turn State's evidence. The importance of Borgan & Co. in the financial world induced the police to carry out the firm's wishes. A detective was sent for Parks, and he was brought to Headquarters. Then the chief took him in hand, and Parks weakened. He saw that he was in a bad hole, and he made a full confession. This, however, did not implicate Singleton at all, but put Lewis in bad.

That man was then brought to Headquarters and put through the Third Degree. He held out doggedly until the chief showed him Parks' confession. Then he threw up his hands and said that he had acted for Singleton. He swore that man had provided the certificates, and that he had only carried out the scheme. Next morning the police communicated with Borgan & Co. Bob was sent for, and the charge against Singleton was changed to forgery in the first degree. The money-lender appeared before the magistrate with a lawyer prepared to fight the charge of grand larceny. He was staggered when told that that charge had been withdrawn and forgery substituted. He pleaded not guilty, and demanded to be discharged on the ground that there was no evidence against him.

Then the police brought Lewis into court and put him on the stand. What he told was enough for the magistrate to hold Singleton on \$50,000 bail. Parks' bail was reduced to \$1,000, and Lewis' to \$5,000. Both men put the amounts up and were allowed to go. Singleton's wife put up cash to the amount of \$50,000 and got her husband out, and he returned to Wall Street. The

head of the money trust was so sore on Lewis, who had been his right bower, that when the committee met at his office that day to fix the price of money for the next day, he refused to have anything to do with the committee, and said the syndicate could go to thunder as far as he was concerned. He denounced Lewis for betraying him, and said he intended to fight the charge of forgery to the bitter end.

Lewis had something to say himself, and he denounced Singleton for getting him and Parks in trouble. Finally they got into a scrap and had to be separated. The committee went away to report to the other members of the syndicate, and the result was the corner in money was broken up, and after that every man set his own price, and the competition brought the price of money down to the bank rates. The newspapers got hold of all the particulars, and Bob got the credit of beating the loan sharks of Wall Street. The brokers appreciated what the young speculator had done for them, and they called upon him in bunches for several days, and he held regular levees with them in his office. He did not call in any of the money he had put out until the rates went down, and the brokers brought it back voluntarily in order to save the high interest that was in force at the time they asked for the loans.

Naturally, the brokers wondered where he got the million he had advertised to for loan, but Bob wasn't saying where he got it, because Mrs. Wood wanted to keep in the background. As fast as the money came in Bob invested Mrs. Wood's money in gilt-edge bonds, the price of which had been reduced greatly by the panic. Between the percentage the lady allowed him for loaning out her money, and his commission for investing her money in the best bonds, Bob made a very satisfactory income. He kept his own money to run his business with when the financial sky cleared. In due time Singleton, Lewis and Parks were tried for forgery. All were convicted. Singleton got ten years, Lewis three, and Parks was let off with a suspended sentence. By the time Bob was twenty-one he was worth three-quarters of a million, and had a very fair and growing brokerage business. While his success proved that he was a smart boy, he was prepared to admit that his real start came through beating the Wall Street loan sharks.

Next week's issue will contain "GOING IT ALONE; or, THE BOY WHO MADE HIS OWN LUCK."

CHILD CHOKED ON DIAMOND

A Swiss dealer in precious stones who had just returned to Zurich from Paris, while amusing his five-year-old daughter by showing her cases of diamonds, rubies and sapphires, was called to the telephone.

When he returned he found the child choking. She had swallowed gems worth \$4,000. A doctor was hastily called, but the little girl was dead. A post mortem operation revealed she had been strangled by a diamond which entered the thorax.

CURRENT NEWS**8-CENT MEALS SUCCESSFUL**

Prisoners in the Washtenaw County jail, in Ann Arbor, Mich., gained weight during the last year on meals that cost 8 cents each. Several cases were cited by the sheriff where long-term prisoners had gained as much as thirty pounds.

LEECHES AGAIN USED BY MODERN DOCTORS

After many years of comparative neglect, the humble leech is said to be coming into its old popularity. But the old leech farms have long disappeared. Some modern doctors claim there are few better methods of relieving inflammatory areas than by the application of these blood-sucking creatures. The "animated mustard plasters" are exported in baskets from Turkey, and Paris is reported to have one leech farm selling 130,000 a month.

ENCOUNTER GIANT WHALES

Hans Jensen and Charles Johnson, two Swedish fishermen who put into Cape May harbor in a thirty-foot fishing boat recently, told a tale of three whales.

Jensen said that when they were one hundred miles east-southeast of Cape May they sighted three large whales, one of which came so close to the little craft that the fishermen were afraid of being capsized. Jensen said the whales were more than one hundred feet long and that the one that came so near to the boat was the largest he had ever seen in his twenty years at sea.

Fishermen here say that the whales have come out of the north with the big ice floes that are reported off the northern coast.

TRACTORS DISPLACE DOGS

Dog-sledge trains, the "indispensable" carriers of the North, are being replaced in the Spring rush to the Yukon this year by caterpillar tractors.

The first tractor train, a ten-ton hauler with three trailers, each of five tons burden, is being made up at White Horse for the 300-mile trip to Mayo.

The north trails are lined with hikers and small dog teams. All sorts of conveyances, principally caterpillar tractors, are being pressed into service to carry ore from the Keewatin silver mines to Mayo Landing before the thaw.

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CHAPTER XX.

The Bookkeeper Decides On A New Plan.

The call came from below, but Bones was not in a condition to make any answer to it. Grumbling something about the dog making him come all the way up the stairs, the man continued on, and when Harry estimated that he was about half-way up the top stairway he stepped forward with the heavy bundle in his hands and held high about his head.

The man did not look up, and therefore had no chance to dodge, which would have been difficult, however, on that narrow stairway, and when the enfolded dog hit him full in the chest he went flying down to the bottom of the flight.

There he lay, stunned, and Harry dashed down the stairs, leaped over him and Bones, rushed down the other flights, reached the lower hallway, saw nobody to oppose him, got to the door, drew back the catch and flung it open, and ran down the short flight of steps to the street.

"Whew!" ejaculated our hero. "What is coming next?"

Harry walked rapidly away from the house until he came to where a bright electric light was shining, and then he came to a halt. He saw that he was very dusty and dirty, and that his wrists looked raw and sore from the effects of the cords that had bound them so tightly, but otherwise he was all right, and he could not help feeling elated to think that he had once more escaped from his persistent enemies.

He stopped at a bootblack stand, had his shoes polished, and was then neatly brushed off by the bootblack and then continued on his way and went home.

He did not wish his mother to be alarmed about his safety, so said nothing about his recent adventure, merely telling her that he had been detained, but not informing her of the character of the detention. He thought deeply over the matter, however, and came to the conclusion that his enemies would not let up in their efforts to get him and put him out of the way for a considerable time, and resolved that from that hour he would be more on his guard than ever.

His adventure did not prevent him from sleeping as only young and healthy persons can sleep, and he was as good as ever when he started out on his way to the market in the morning.

He was about a block from his home when he heard his name called, and turning around he saw one of the Swamp gang standing on the corner, looking intently at something he held in his hand.

Harry knew him as Ginger Jake, a red-haired

young fellow about his own age, who had never done a day's work in his life.

"What is it, Jake?" he asked.

"Look at this," requested the other as Harry came up to him, and he held out his hand, in the palm of which lay a ten-cent piece.

"What about it?" asked Harry, wondering if this was another trap to get him in trouble.

"Just take a good look at the plug in this coin," requested Jake, turning the money over. "It's a Canadian dime, and the half of it, nearly, is filled with a plug, and I think the plug is gold. What do you think?"

Harry looked at it closely and shook his head.

"No," he said, "that's copper."

"Then it's not worth even a dime?"

"I should say not. You'd have trouble passing that even on a blind man, Jake. The coin is really worthless."

"Then I'll keep it for a pocket-piece," said Ginger Jake, and slouched away with a disappointed expression on his face, while Harry continued on his way to the market, and thought no more of the matter at the moment, but the time was to come when that plugged Canadian ten-cent piece was destined to play a most important part.

Our hero did not doubt that Griggs and Barnett were concerned in the adventure of the night before, and when he walked into the place he looked slyly at both of them. Once more he caught a look of utter astonishment on their faces, and was at once assured that they were more than surprised to see him that morning at his post.

He made no sign, however, that he had noted anything, and went about his duties as usual. Half an hour later the porter slipped out of the place at a signal from the bookkeeper, a troubled expression on his face.

He was back in ten minutes, and at the first opportunity went over to the outside desk with his chamois skin and began to polish the brass-work, while he and Griggs talked in their sly way.

"How was it that they slipped up?" softly murmured Griggs, bending over a book and appearing to make an entry.

"They didn't," growled Barrett.

"What?"

"I tell you they got him."

"They did?"

"Yes, just as it was planned, and they bound him hand and foot and put him up in a top room in the dark, with Billy Brooks downstairs on guard and Bones roaming around the top floor where the kid lay, and the first thing you know Billy hears something suspicious up above and goes up calling to the dog and getting no answer.

"Up he goes, and was not half-way up when something hits him an awful crack, and down the stairs he goes, knocked senseless, and when he comes to his senses he gets up and sees something on the floor that looks like a big bundle.

"He unfastens the bundle and inside he finds Bones, dead as a doornail, with his eyes popping out of his head. The dog had been killed and wrapped in the same cloth that the gang threw over the kid's head when they got him, and then the kid had tied the brute up in the cloth and used him for a weapon."

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

PIKE LIVES 267 YEARS

The pike, though greedy and fond of heavy meals, is slow growing, and is believed to live longer than any other species of fish. A Swiss naturalist has recorded the history of one that was 267 years old. It had spent its entire existence as a prisoner in a fish pond.

BURIED SHELLS

Shells buried in northern France during the war continue to explode occasionally when struck by peasants' plows, adding to the war casualties four years after the cessation of hostilities. The question is often asked whether an unexploded shell ever becomes harmless. Some experts say never, unless exposed to the air, while others contend that live shells become "duds" after many years.

The theory that the latter are dead is hardly borne out by an incident which recently occurred in a Paris hotel. A projectile of the time of Napoleon III had long been used by the hotel employees as a pestle and had several times been fitted with new handles to replace those pounded off. Recently it was left in close proximity to the hotel furnace, with the result that the hotel engineer had gone into the class of casualties of the war of 1870 and the hotel is undergoing important repairs.

EAGLE CAUGHT IN COYOTE TRAP

Making the rounds of traps set for coyotes in the lonely fastnesses of a forest near Raton, Colo., a New Mexican trapper came upon an odd sight.

An eagle was caught in one of the traps. Its great wings were beating in a futile effort to tear loose from the cruel fangs of the contraption and it was giving vent to its anger in rasping screams. One foot had hit the mouth of the trap as the eagle had alighted on the ground and the king of the air was caught.

The trapper secured the bird by lassoing it and choking it into temporary helplessness. He started for Raton, but on the way met T. P. Hammond, a Steamboat Springs man, en route to Denver. Hammond purchased the bird and brought it to Denver for the purpose of mounting.

The eagle weighed about ten pounds and had a wing spread of about seven and one-half feet. It was of the customary brownish gray color, with indefinite markings.

FORTUNE MAY BE MADE FROM AIR

At frequent intervals, the newspapers are aglow with the exploits of some get-rich-quick schemer who has hit upon a novel idea to feed to a gullible public. All this makes interesting reading, provided, of course, that the reader doesn't happen to be one of the fleeced. Now comes science with a scheme that has all the earmarks of legitimacy because it is designed to render service to civilization and at the same time a fortune to whoever puts the scheme into operation.

The scheme consists of extracting useful ele-

ments from the air. As most people know, the air consists of nitrogen and oxygen with certain small proportions of the gases neon and argon. Each of these gases is now being "fixed" and marketed. Vast quantities of nitrogen are being taken from the air and used for agricultural purposes. A ton of wheat takes away fifty pounds of nitrogen from the soil in which it is grown, and a similar quantity must be replaced by the farmer to keep the soil good. And the fertilizer he now uses to do this is in many cases made from the air.

The manufacture of atmospheric fertilizer is carried on in Norway, and thousands of tons are being produced each year. Norway is particularly suitable for work of this kind which can only be carried on successfully where there are good supplies of cheap water power.

Henry Ford evolved the idea of using the power of Muscle Shoals for making fertilizer from the air as a means of competing with nitrates that are at present received from Chile. His contention that the "air" fertilizer could be produced at a cost far below that of "mined" nitrate.

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The Mystery Of The Iron Coffin

By PAUL BRADDON.

It matters not how long it may be given me to live, I shall never forget the experiences which form the foundation of this story.

During the forty years of active duty as a detective, I may naturally be supposed to have met with some remarkable adventures, and peculiar experiences.

Such is the fact.

But the experience I shall now relate is the most remarkable of all.

As I recall it to mind I am, as ever, impressed with the truth of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."

That my story is an illustration of this I am sure you will concede.

But enough of prelude.

Now to my narrative.

One night of storm, when the elements were waging a wild warfare; when the winds howled like demons at strife; when the lightning flashed; when the rain descended in torrents, and every living creature had fled to shelter, it was my fate to be exposed.

I was riding along a country road in the State of New York, urging my tired horse to frantic exertion.

In the distance I discovered the glimmer of a light.

A moment later a voice came to me out of the storm, and I encountered a countryman going in the opposite direction.

"What light is that I see in the distance, my friend?" I asked.

"I don't know. I should say it was a light in Harksley Hall, if I didn't know the place had not been inhabited for years," said the man.

Then he rode on.

"Some wayfarer caught in the storm like myself may have sought shelter there and produced a light," I thought.

Then I urged my horse forward again.

In a few moments I reached an old ruin.

The light was gone.

Yet I was certain I had seen one there.

"No doubt I shall find someone within. The closing of a blind, or the like, may have served to hide the light for the moment," I reflected.

I leaped from my horse.

Then, leading my weary steed, I made my way over the thick turf to the rear of the house.

The many sounds of the storm made a pandemonium of noise.

It would render any sound occasioned by the footfall of my horse inaudible within the house.

Reaching the rear of the dilapidated old building, I found a tumbled-down shed.

Into this I walked the horse.

Having secured him, I started for the ruin.

An occasional flash of lightning guided me.

I reached the house.

At the rear door I paused.

My hand was on the knob.

I listened.

I opened the door, for it was not secured in any way, and groped my way along.

I was in a narrow hall.

Presently I came to a door.

I opened it.

Then I suddenly paused.

To my ears came the sound of human voices.

I listened intently.

I soon convinced myself that I heard two men talking.

But, as their voices were muffled, I knew that they were in the room beyond the one I had entered.

I crossed the apartment.

Then I saw a ray of light.

It came from beneath a door.

To the door I crept.

Something warned me to proceed with caution.

I dropped my hand upon the butt of my pistol.

I could draw it instantly, should occasion require its use.

I cautiously pushed the door ajar.

Only an inch did I open it.

This enabled me to command an excellent view of the room within.

What I saw surprised me.

Moreover, it startled me.

In the corner of the room stood a coffin.

It was a metallic burial casket.

Beside the iron coffin stood two men.

A lantern on the table in one corner of the room illuminated it.

To my surprise I saw that the room was magnificently furnished.

More, the furniture was new.

At a glance I realized that I had accidentally met the perpetrators of a dark crime.

Both men were masked.

Suddenly a door in the wall opened, and a third masked man appeared.

In his arms he carried a white-robed form.

It was a female form.

The lady was young.

She was also lovely.

I obtained a good view of her face.

It was pale.

As white as death she looked, but the heaving of her bosom assured me she was not dead.

I suspected she had been drugged.

My suspicion was almost instantly confirmed.

"The choloform has rendered her helpless. Now place her in the coffin, and we will consign her to the tomb," said one of the masks.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, mentally. "The wretches mean to bury that fair young girl alive."

The wretches placed the girl in the coffin.

Then they secured the lid.

Then done, they passed through a side door.

As they went, one of them said:

"We'll go and take a drink to steady our nerves, and then we'll get the job over as soon as we can."

In a moment they were gone.

"If I could only get the girl out of the coffin before the assassins return, I'll mount my horse, and, with her in my arms, away to some place of safety."

Stealthily I entered the room.

I crept to the coffin.

Suddenly I heard a sound from the room into which the masked men had gone.

I started, and at the same moment, through the door on the other side of the room, rushed a beautiful woman, with a candle in her hand.

At the sight of me she was startled.

I heard the masked men coming back.

I rushed for the door through which I had come.

I had almost reached it when the masked men dashed into view.

At the same moment I sprang through the door I had entered by.

I did not see the man behind it.

The next instant I received from his hand a terrible blow on the head.

The blow rendered me unconscious.

When I returned to my senses, as I did presently, I found myself in darkness.

The place was cold and damp.

I carefully examined the wall.

I worked at the wall until I had made an opening sufficiently large enough to admit of the passage of my body.

Through the opening I crawled.

I found myself in the cellar, under the old mansion called Harksley Hall.

A light came through a window.

I crept out of the cellar, and, under cover of the shrubbery, made my way to the shed in which I had left my horse.

The animal was gone.

"The assassins think me dead; they have removed my horse," I thought.

But the mystery of the iron coffin I meant to solve.

I stole to the house.

Noiselessly I entered the same door through which I passed before.

All was silence.

I made my way to where I expected to find the door of the room in which I had seen the iron coffin.

There was no door there.

The truth flashed across my mind.

The door had been walled up.

I drew a knife which was concealed on my person.

I was about to attack the wall, when I heard a heavy step on the walk outside the house.

Hastily I concealed myself in a closet.

Presently an old woman came in.

She passed me.

I followed her.

She led me to the second story of the house.

Then she paused, and passed upon a panel of the oaken wainscoting.

It flew open.

The old woman disappeared.

I waited half an hour.

Then the old woman came out.

She passed by the closet in which I was concealed.

From a window I saw her leave the house.

Then I tried the panel, and opened it.

I found a narrow passage and a flight of stairs, not more than two and a half or three feet wide, that passed downward between two partitions.

The stairs ended at a panel.

I opened it.

The next moment I found myself in the room in which I had seen the coffin of iron.

The beautiful girl I saw placed in the coffin was there.

She was chained to the wall.

I set to work to liberate her.

Then we fled from the house.

As we were leaving it, the old woman appeared on the threshold and threw herself before us.

I hurled the woman aside, and we passed the door and gained the highway.

Over a hill, just beyond, was a village, which we reached in safety, and there the girl told me her story.

Her name was Ethel Levile, and she witnessed the assassination of an old man—a miser—who was murdered in his cottage beyond the village three days before.

For fear her evidence would betray them, the masked men who were the assassins of the miser had abducted Ethel from the house of her mother, a poor widow, and taken her to the old ruin, intending to murder her.

After she was placed in the coffin, with the intention of burying her alive, and after I was knocked senseless, an influential member of the gang of outlaws, who professed to love Ethel, arrived, and prevailed upon the others to spare her life.

So they agreed to keep her a captive for the present, and the doors of what was intended to be her prison were walled up by a skillful mason who was a member of the band, so as the better to guard against discovery.

The old woman was a half-demented creature who had secretly made Harksley Hall her home for some time.

Now it chanced, as luck would have it, that I was in pursuit of the band who murdered the old miser.

I had been engaged by his relatives to hunt down his assassins.

Ethel gave me much valuable information regarding them, and that very night, accompanied by the village constable and a posse of law-abiding citizens, I set out for one of the secret rendezvous of the band, the location of which Ethel had learned from hearing them talk while they supposed she was unconscious.

The band was assembled there, and so without much of a fight, we captured them all.

The ringleader made a confession, and the assassins were convicted.

As for Ethel, she became the wife of an honest merchant in the village, and lives happily.

FIND \$16,000 IN HERMIT'S BED

Carl Jenson, 64, who lived as a hermit on his 80-acre farm near Clay Center, ten miles east of Toledo, O., was found dead in his bed, in which he had concealed \$16,000 in currency, recently. Near the bed were several clubs which Jenson had fitted up with spikes and loaded with lead, and a gun was at hand, apparently for use in case of attempted robbery.

Neighbors found him with his boots on and fully clothed. George Burman, undertaker, found an old grain sack in the bed which had the \$16,000 in \$20, \$50 and \$100 bills.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

GETS \$10,000 FOR CHILD'S LEG

The Yonkers Railroad Company settled \$10,000 on Rita Coyne, 7 years old, of Yonkers, N. Y., for the loss of her right leg. The settlement was arranged by former Assemblyman William S. Coffey, who appeared for Michael Coyne, the father of the child. The little girl was on a sled riding down Yonkers avenue, Sherwood Park, when a trolley car ran into her. Her leg was cut off.

Mr. Coyne was about to sue for \$25,000 when the settlement was made.

MUMMIFIED INDIAN UNEARTHED

The discovery of a partly mummified body of a prehistoric Indian, an "Izark Bluff Dweller," at the base of the bluffs on the Cow Skin River, near Noel, Mo., March 13, added zest to the work of archeologists, who have unearthed here many souvenirs of a race long dead. The party conducting the excavation represents the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York City.

The skeleton was wrapped in ragged deer skin robes and covered with grass matting. The deer skins were belted with a fur girdle. A grass basket, believed once to have contained food, was found buried nearby.

BANDIT LOCKS DELIVERY MAN IN BATHROOM

A man called at a clothing store in Buffalo, N. Y., March 13 and ordered a complete spring outfit sent to his room at a prominent hotel. When the deliverymen arrived with the packages he held them up with a revolver, locked them in the bathroom and fled with the clothing, valued at about \$300.

The deliverymen were released when a note tied to a cap thrown out of the bathroom window landed at the feet of a policeman.

The bandit, who had registered as B. L. Hardy, Lynn, Mass., left three notes. One apologized to the store, saying he would pay for the clothing

he had appropriated; another purporting to be addressed to his mother, asking her forgiveness for his wayward career, and a third to the newspapers said the hold-up was his first crime and would be his last.

WILLS SON \$5 FOR A NOOSE

"I give and bequeath to my son, William P. Paulich, \$5 with which to buy a rope to hang himself."

This statement in the will of Joseph Paulich has caused the son to contest probate on the ground that it was made under undue influence of his stepmother, Mrs. Magdalena Paulich of New York, who inherits the bulk of the \$16,000 estate. The will continues:

"I only make this provision for reasons well known to myself and to all my family and friends, and for the further reason that during his whole life time he has been disobedient and ungrateful."

The father made the will following a bitter quarrel with his son on Labor Day, 1920, according to testimony of a witness in Surrogate's Court, Rochester, N. Y., recently. Subsequently father and son were reconciled, but the father neglected to have the will changed before he died Dec. 15, last.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1923. State of New New York, County of New York:—Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Editor—Luis Senarens, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—None.

2. That the owners are: Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; M. N. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; J. F. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; R. W. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; C. W. Hastings, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

LUIS SENARENS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1923. Seymour W. Steiner. (My Commission expires March 30, 1924.)

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

HOGS CLOSE DOORS

B. A. Park, a farmer living near Missouri Valley, Iowa, who is also a successful stock raiser, has interested a lot of farmers in his unique and successful way of training his hogs to pass through a swinging door in his hog house.

Desiring as nearly an airtight hog house as possible, Mr. Park placed a door in the house which swings both ways. He was puzzled when the door was first put in place to know how it was going to operate, and hit upon an ingenious plan. Knowing the inquisitive nature of hogs he first placed a cleat in such a position that it held the door open slightly, just enough for the hogs to insert their snouts and push their way into or out of the house. After a few days' use of the door in this way he took away the cleat; allowing the door to close tightly. By this time, however, the hogs had learned that all they had to do was to push slightly against the door, pass in or out and the door would swing back into place.

WOMAN LANDS BURGLAR BEHIND BARS

Mrs. Charles Carroll of 100 West Eighty-sixth street, New York, noticed that the front door of her apartment on the fifth floor of that address had been jimmied when she got home from shopping the other afternoon at 1 o'clock. She did not give the alarm, but went downstairs and watched, and when she saw two young men, strangers, leave the house she followed them.

At Broadway and Eighty-seventh street Patrolman M. J. Kelly captured one of them, a seventeen-year-old boy who gave his name as John McNeely of 117 East Eighty-ninth street. Mrs. Carroll said she saw him throw something into the cellar of 203 West Eighty-seventh street. Detectives went there later and found several pieces of jewelry which she identified as hers. When she got home she found that her apartment had been ransacked. The other man vanished.

After talking to McNeely the detectives went to the home of Mrs. Catherine Correale in 128 East Eighty-sixth street, where they found \$5,000 worth of jewelry which they said had been stolen from various apartments in the last six months. Mrs. Correale was arrested, charged with receiving stolen goods.

FIND MAN'S SKELETON

The well-preserved skeleton of a man who lived in the stone age, 5,000 years ago, has just been found on the west coast of Sweden by a commission of archeologists which has been combing the countryside for ancient relics to be placed on exhibition at the exposition in Gothenburg this summer.

The Swedish experts, 15 in number, have been at work for about seven years and have succeeded in collecting 20,000 relics of antiquity. The results of their labor have been an accumulation of proofs that the North Sea coast of Sweden was inhabited as early as 8,000 B. C.

The stone age skeleton, which is now being

mounted in Gothenburg, was found during excavations at Kungsbacka, a few miles south of Stockholm. The ancient site of Kungsbacka has been chosen by some critics as the probable seat of Beowulf, the hero of the oldest epic poem in English literature; but Beowulf was a newcomer compared with the stone age man, who lived about 4,000 years before him.

The relics now brought to light include flint tools and weapons, ornaments, etc. In one of the graves about 2,000 years old were found the remains of a woman and her equipment, consisting of an amber necklace, weaver's reeds and distaff.

WEALTHY BACHELOR ENDS LIFE IN LAKE

The body of W. Lyle Swett, wealthy bachelor farmer and recluse residing about two miles below Hightstown, N. J., was discovered in a small lake on his property recently by a friend, Dr. George A. Silver, of Hightstown. Swett is believed to have been a suicide.

Swett's father committed suicide about fifteen years ago, as did an uncle. His brother, C. Forrest Swett, a local newspaper man, ended his life by inhaling illuminating gas a few years ago. His brother's wife also was a suicide. A cousin ended his life some years ago. W. Lyle Swett is the sixth of the Swett family to commit suicide.

Swett had been acting strangely and had suffered from melancholy since the death several weeks ago of his aunt, Miss Helen Stults, who had kept house for him for a number of years. Since her death he had been living alone in the house which although located hardly more than a mile from Hightstown, is somewhat isolated.

According to the authorities, Swett had attempted to slay himself with a revolver which was found near the body. A bullet wound was discovered in his lip but it was slight. Failing to kill himself with the weapon Swett is believed to have thrown himself face downward into the lake. He was found in that position.

A pet horse of the farmer's was found slain near its stable. An axe had been used.

Dr. Silver is of the opinion that Swett singled the horse out from among his other animals because he had been devoted to the animal and did not want it to be subject to harsh treatment after he died.

Swett wrote a letter to Dr. Silver. In this letter he asked the physician to take care of his property in the event of anything happening to him.

The letter left Dr. Silver uneasy. He said he thought its contents over and then decided to investigate. He went to the Swett farm with another man and, finding the doors locked, gained access through a window. Failing to find any trace of the farmer, they roamed about the grounds and finally discovered the slain horse. Footprints led from the horse to the lake, and there Swett's back was seen above the water, his face submerged.

GOOD READING

MAINE'S LARGEST TREE

What is believed to be the largest tree in Maine is being cut down in the city of Augusta. The tree grew in two sections, one of them with a circumference of 24 feet and a diameter of 7 feet, three inches, the other with a circumference of 18 feet and a diameter of 5 feet 9 inches.

PUPILS PLAY WITH BOMBS

Two steel bombs about the size of baseballs were picked up by the police in West Forty-eighth street New York, after school children had played with them for hours. They were sent to the police bureau of combustibles for analysis.

Detective Patrick Murphy of the West Forty-seventh street station, learned that boys had picked the bombs out of an ash can in front of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, 228 West Forty-eighth street, and at first thought there was a plot to blow up the church.

Further investigation disclosed the bombs had been made by Henri Julliot, a French inventor of airplanes, who died a week ago at 230 West Forty-eighth street. His landlady, Mrs. Polly Powell, found the bombs in a drawer of the room Julliot occupied and thought they were harmless balls of string. They knocked around the kitchen for several days, and were thrown out with some rubbish.

FINDS HUSBAND'S BODY IN BOX

The body of Charles G. Service was found the other day jammed in a box behind the counter of his tinsmithing shop at 52 Van Sinderen avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., by his wife, Mrs. Mary Carden Service, of 166 Herkimer street, Brooklyn, and Louis Struttwolf of 54 Van Sinderen avenue. An ambulance surgeon said that the man had been dead about a month.

The box is about four and a half feet long, two feet deep and two feet high. It was closed and the hasp was down over the staple when Struttwolf unlocked the door of the shop and found it behind the counter. Probably nothing will be known of the manner or cause of death until an autopsy has been performed.

Mrs. Service told the police that her husband frequently left her and stayed away for weeks at a time, and that the last time he went away was two and a half months ago. She visited his shop several times, but found the door locked, and Struttwolf, who had a key, was notified. He unlocked the door and the body was found.

INDIANS ON WARPATH

Blanding, a town of 875 inhabitants, is beleaguered by a small band of Plute Indians. Telephone wires have been cut and a message received at Monticello by courier late the other afternoon urged the formation of an armed body to aid the inhabitants.

The latest outbreak, occurring in San Juan county in the southeastern part of Utah, was caused by the arrest and detention of two In-

dian youths on a charge of robbery. News of their incarceration soon reached a small band of renegade Piutes, including "Old Posey," who has figured in previous outbreaks. Preparations were made by the Indian band to rescue the young bucks, but the latter succeeded in escaping.

When Sheriff W. E. Oliver took dinner to the two jailed Indians they refused to eat and he attempted to strike one of them over the head with his revolver. One of the Indians grabbed the sheriff and the other disarmed him. Then they locked the sheriff in the jail and escaped. Later it is reported one of the Indians was killed.

When the courier left Blanding none of the white defenders of the town had been wounded, although a horse had been shot from under John Rogers and a bullet went through the trouser leg of the rider.

The townspeople have placed men at all advantageous points on the outskirts of the village and sniping was carried on all day long whenever one of the Indians showed his head.

United States Marshal Ray Ward, has arranged with Lamar Nelson, the Governor's private secretary, who saw service in France as an aviator, to fly to the scene of the trouble.

SAYS AMERICAN WOMEN TRAVEL MOST

American women travel four times as much as women of any other nationality and set the standards of luxury in hotel accommodations the world around. Ninety-five per cent. of hotel accommodations are chosen directly or indirectly by women, and those who stamp their individuality indelibly upon the hostelry business are the globe trotting daughters of Eve from the U. S. A.

Such was the declaration of Richmond Temple, director of London's luxury hotels—the Savoy, Berkeley and Claridge's—who is here on a tour to discover what new hotel fads and fashions feminine America will demand when it goes abroad this summer.

He said British hotel managers are expecting more than 145,000 Americans in England this spring and summer, by far the largest influx of Yankee visitors that the British Isles have ever entertained.

The American woman has completely revolutionized the hotel business in Europe, Mr. Temple said, adding that she is the most critical but the best to deal with in most respects, because she knows what she wants.

"What the American woman asks for or has to-day in luxury the whole world demands tomorrow," said Mr. Temple. "American women are a fine type to deal with. They have a definite mind and know exactly what they want. They insist upon getting it, which makes it necessary for English hotel managers to be prepared. If you haven't got what an American woman wants she will go somewhere else, that's all."

The tourist season will open officially in London the week of April 21. It is estimated that between twelve and eighteen thousand Americans will be in London from April 21 to 28.

WANTED- for murder!



\$1,000 Reward

In a dirty, forlorn shack by the river's edge they found the mutilated body of Genevieve Martin. Her pretty face was swollen and distorted. Marks on the slender throat showed that the girl had been brutally choked to death. Who had committed this ghastly crime? No one had seen the girl and her assailant enter the cottage. No one had seen the murderer depart. How could he be brought to justice?

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LONELY LITTLE FLAPPER, tired living alone, very wealthy, wants marriage. I dare you write! B-186, Mission Unity Club, San Francisco, Calif. (Stamp please).

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WIDOW, 55, worth \$50,000, wants conscientious husband. S-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

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WOULD YOU WRITE A WEALTHY, PRETTY GIRL? (stamp). Lois Sproul, Sta. H., Cleveland, Ohio.

YOUNG AND PRETTY GIRL, worth \$25,000, will marry. (E-B.), B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

YOUNG LADY, worth \$50,000, pretty, will marry. G-Box 350, Club, Cimarron, Kans.

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OVER NIAGARA

There have been three instances of sending vessels over Niagara Falls. The first was in 1827. Some men got on an old ship—the Michigan—which had been used on Lake Erie, and which had been pronounced unseaworthy. For mere wantonness they put aboard a bear, a fox, a buffalo, a dog and some geese, and then sent it over the cataract. The bear jumped from the vessel before it reached the rapids, swam toward the shore and was rescued by some humane persons. The geese went over the Falls and came to the shore below alive. The dog, fox and buffalo were not heard of or seen again. Another condemned vessel—the Detroit—that had belonged to Commodore Perry's victorious fleet, was started over the cataract in the winter of 1841, but grounded about midway in the rapids, and lay there until knocked to pieces by the ice. A somewhat more picturesque instance was the sending over the Canada side of a ship on fire. All in flames it went glaring and hissing down the rapids and over the precipice, and smothered its ruddy blaze in the boiling chasm below. Of course, there was no one aboard the vessel.

A MONSTER BARBECUE

Mayor J. C. Walton of Oklahoma City, Governor-elect of Oklahoma, announced plans for a monster inaugural party, the features of which will be a barbecue and square dance at the State House.

Mr. Walton said he would have twenty-five orchestras, expected 50,000 persons from over the State, and would erect tents on the State House grounds to accommodate the crowds.

"There has never been anything done like it in the history of the United States," he said. "I'm not going to have a party for the '400.' I'm going to have one that every farmer, every laboring man and every one else in the State will enjoy. They can wear what they please."

"The party will begin on the day before my inauguration, or on the day itself. It will be a two-day affair. The party will keep going day and night."

"Many of the people over the State have never seen the Capitol. I am going to make them feel at home there. For once the inaugural ball will be the people's party."

Walton announced that he had no intention of resigning as Mayor of Oklahoma City until he takes office as Governor.

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